THE FASHIONABLE DAUGHTER.

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A NARRATIVE.

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LONDON:

Printed for W. Domville, under the Royal Exchange, Cornhill; and J. Knox, No. 48, near Somerset-House, in the Strand. MDCCLXXIV.

Fidelio

THE FASHIONABLE DAUGHTER.

BEING A

NARRATIVE

OF

TRUE AND RECENT FACTS.

By an IMPARTIAL HAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.

——————— Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of our ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed. SHAK. OTHELLO.

Te quibus mendaciis homines leviſſimi onerarunt?
CIC.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

WELL what have we got here? Another Novel I ſuppoſe? Why really it is ſomething of that kind. How long ſhall the world be peſtered with theſe flimſy performances, which are for the moſt part ſo unfriendly to the intereſts of virtue and religion? Would even the world ſuſtain any material loſs, were the bulk of ſuch productions collected together in a library as large as that of Alexandria, and made to ſhare the ſame fate? Perhaps not. And it is more than probable that after you have read this, your opinion may be that it ſhould help to increaſe the

flame. In order to ſave it from this ſevere doom, I can only plead, that direful neceſſity was the ſole motive to the publication; by that I mean the vindication of a public character, which has ſuffered much from partial repreſentations of this unhappy ſtory. Had the ſubject of the following narration, however much talked of when firſt divulged, ſunk into oblivion, never would there have been more ſaid upon the matter. This I can affirm on the beſt authority to have been Clitander's wiſh. He meant it ſhould die of age, or ſtarve through want of ſupport. As yet there is not the ſmalleſt ſymptom of either of theſe taking place.

With difficulty he conſented to my

finiſhing this diſagreeable taſk, which his beſt friends had long ago appointed me. But he acknowledged it to be abſolutely requiſite, and a piece of juſtice due to his character—his friends—and the world in general. With pain he ſaw the pages increaſe under my hand, as each recalled to remembrance his happier or his painful hours: but he inſiſted the truth ſhould be told, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Impartial poſterity, ſaid that venerable Roman Cremutius Cordus, repays to every man his proper praiſe. This may be true—But how can poſterity do ſo, if the dictates of truth have never been oppoſed to the peſtilence of ſlander? The ſtrongeſt envy—the

baſeſt detraction—and moſt artful malice have ſpread the fame of this young gentleman's amour, in a manner ſo diametrically oppoſite to truth, as muſt inevitably hurt his intereſt, till every one who may have heard of it, ſhall have it in his power to know the truth: after which each individual will be a more competent judge, and have a ſurer ground for his approbation of Clitander, or a better reaſon for entertaining prejudice againſt him. It is here requeſted of the candid reader, as alſo in the end of the performance, to obſerve that the laws of the kingdom in which the ſtory happened muſt ever be kept in view, and the manners of the people attended to; otherwiſe it is next

to an impoſſibility that any juſt judgment ſhould be formed of the matter.

Thoſe who take the trouble to conſider it very minutely may think the publication to be raſh and imprudent; and that an accommodation might at this diſtance of time have been brought about. It may be ſaid—Anger ſooner or later muſt ſubſide, nor is it poſſible for the ſame exceſs of paſſion always to animate the human breaſt. We admit the propriety of the obſervation, while we beg leave to inform ſuch readers, that every pacific meaſure hath been attempted—but in vain. Only a few months have paſſed ſince letters of the moſt reaſonable kind were wrote to this Faſhionable Daughter, and her very ſingular father;

praying

praying to know their mind upon the ſubject, and that ſome final period might be put to it. A month was given them to think upon the matter, —in which ſpace of time if no anſwer came, it was to be concluded none was intended. None did come.—Is not then the Faſhionable Daughter and her ſelfiſh parents without all manner of excuſe?

Clitander had ſome reaſon to think the calumny was kept alive by their means. What could he do in ſuch a caſe, but permit the publication of the whole affair? Having truth on his ſide, he hopes the public deciſion will be in his favour. That he hath been guilty of ſeveral imprudences, he with tears doth acknowledge; much hath

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he ſuffered from the bitter conſequences of theſe, but ſtill more from his own reflections upon them. If any farther puniſhment ought to be inflicted, let the humane breaſt appoint it. Since fidelity and injured honour are ſo conſpicuous in his character, he at leaſt expects compaſſion and pity for thoſe ſufferings ariſing from the baſe requital of theſe eminent qualities.

Ye gloomy bigots!—Ye unfeeling boſoms—Ye cenſorious and uncharitable ſouls—

Procul, O Procul, eſte, Profani!—

Meddle not, much leſs preſume to determine in a cauſe the merits of which you are unable to comprehend. Clitander will ſuffer none to ſit as judges upon

upon him, who are ſtrangers to the ſofter paſſions and unacquainted with the influence of love.

I who am the narrator, do in the firſt place, moſt humbly requeſt of my fair readers to excuſe the title, nor conſtrue it, as if I thought it faſhionable for them to break their vows, and behave as Amanda hath done. Such an idea would be unpardonable. But what could I do?—Virtuous ſhe could not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be called—prudent ſhe hath not been—nor ſincere—extraordinary beſides being an ambiguous term, was a harſh one. Faſhionable then, I called her, becauſe it is now grown a faſhionable word. I have alſo to crave the public indulgence in general, becauſe

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tied down to a circumſtantial detail of facts, and theſe not always intereſting, it has not been in my power to give thoſe embelliſhments, which ſome might have expected, or perhaps wiſhed. To do juſtice to the parties concerned, was more my intention, than to ſtudy the flowers of language, the variety of deſcription, or any peculiar mode of compoſition. While at the ſame time as far as was conſiſtent with my propoſed end, I have ſtudied the entertainment of the reader, by making ſhort digreſſions, and thoſe chiefly of a moral kind, in order to mingle inſtruction with pleaſure, by perſonifying actions, and the taking ſuch like liberties: beſides endeavouring through the whole to preſerve

that

that mode of narration, which would give diſguſt to none; being fully perſuaded that the ſtory related, would render it ſomewhat intereſting to all.

FIDELIO.

ERRATA.

Page 45, line 6, for *readers* read *reader.*
194,——laſt, for *awaked* read *awake.*
219,——9, for *give* read *gave.*

THE FASHIONABLE DAUGHTER.

PART I.

THAT human nature is the ſame in all ages and nations is a long received and almoſt inconteſted maxim. The ſame paſſions, proper objects being preſented, ariſe; and where neither example, nor the effects of climate, education, or religion, alter the temper of the individual, the ſame conſequences follow. It was probably from conſiderations of this kind, that Solomon concluded there was nothing new under the ſun. For ſuperiority in power, riches, learning, and fame, hath ever been objects of ambition. The pleaſures of ſenſe and imagination, though different in degree according to the taſte or choice of thoſe who purſue them, are generally the ſame in kind.

The ſofter paſſions, ſuch as Friendſhip, Love, Gratitude, and the like, diſtinguiſh the moſt rude as well as civilized nations, and in both are naturally the ſtrongeſt incentives to action: it being with ſome pain, and after a conſiderable ſtruggle with Nature, that men grow falſe, enemies to each other, cruel, vindictive, or ungrateful. To do good is the prevailing bias of humanity, till by habit we throw the balance to the other ſide. Yet the ſuffering evil offices from others is a general complaint, which commonly ends in the comparing former ages to the preſent, in which compariſon, the preference is invariably given to the firſt of theſe, though for no other reaſon, but becauſe the impreſſions of having been maltreated in the preſent age moſt ſenſibly touch us, and of courſe blacken it in our eſteem.

Mankind being excellent caſuiſts in their own caſe conſider their misfortunes to be for the moſt part unmerited, and wiſh to have them viewed by others as the ſufferings of virtue. That there are many im-

poſtors in this reſpect may be true, nor is it leſs ſo, that nought but tears and woe are the frequent portion of Virtue, and the ſtricteſt honour in this imperfect ſtate.

Public Spirit, Integrity, Love and Friendſhip, furniſh us with moſt examples of this kind. The miſeries, individuals have undergone in the firm and unſhaken exerciſe of thoſe heroic virtues, fill the annals of every clime and period. Love may perhaps be called the ſweeteſt paſſion of the human mind; when ſucceſsful it is the greateſt pleaſure of life, but when it is not reciprocal or meets with obſtacles which fruſtrate its aim, it is the moſt unremitting tormentor. The aim of love is poſſeſſion of the object beloved, and ſhould it fail herein, frequently terminates in a ſettled frenzy, or a ſlow conſumption.

Galantry and Gaming are the modiſh characteriſtics of the preſent age, for never was there a period when ſo many infamous intrigues appeared upon record; ſo many ſurmiſes about others more private and better concealed; or when the ruinous effects

of gambling were more widely and intenſely felt. The numerous Tête-à-Têtes in our periodical papers are no bad proof of the former of theſe; on neither of whoſe part Virtue and Honour appear to have long withſtood corruption, and the ſofter arts of addreſs.

Now in order to kindle hatred in every ingenuous breaſt againſt perfidy and diſſimulation, and to draw the friendly as well as ſympathetic tear to injured merit and perſecuted fidelity, is the ſole intention of publiſhing the following affair; which has occupied the attention of more than one half of the kingdom where it happened—is generally known indeed over the whole—and has reached ſeveral others. Some of the moſt eminent lawyers have been conſulted upon it: Some of the moſt reſpectable theologians have weighed it with its ſeveral circumſtances, while all who have been thoroughly and rightly informed thereof, commiſerate the unhappy youth.

I acknowledge myſelf his moſt intimate companion, to have been acquainted with every

every ſtep in the matter which he took, to have ſeen the original papers, and known the matter from its commencement to its preſent ſtate. But as thouſands who have heard of it have conceived but an indifferent, if not a bad opinion of my friend, from the imperfect or partial account they have received, as I well know from many I myſelf have converſed with, I judged it not improper to ſtate and ſubmit the particulars of the ſtory to the impartial public. To premiſe theſe two obſervations is requiſite. That it is natural to take a female's part, and charitable to ſuppoſe juſtice on her ſide in caſe of any altercation, conſequently to hold forth one of the ſex as guilty in every reſpect, is appealing to the world under very great diſadvantages. I confeſs it is right upon the whole that it ſhould be ſo, yet the moſt benevolent females themſelves will grant that there are exceptions among them, preſuming on which conceſſion, I expect not only their indulgence, but even their good wiſhes, for pointing out this perjured Nymph, that

ſo ſhe may be expelled the virgin band, curſed with the frowns of the virtuous, and blaſted by the deteſtation of the pure and good. The other remark is, that notwithſtanding the attachment I have to the young man, who is the unfortunate Hero of this publication, I hereby profeſs and declare, that the moſt ſacred regard to truth ſhall be maintained in the following narration. Juſtice ſhall be done each character which we are obliged to mention, even injuries received ſhall not darken that of foes, nor partiality conceal the foibles of friends. Leſt ſome ſhould object againſt the perſonages introduced ſpeaking ſo much in rhyme; I thus inform them, that this is to be charged to my account who am the narrator. Still I truſt whatever verſes are thrown in, will be found analogous to the character and ſentiments of the ſpeaker—and I flatter myſelf that they will not be unacceptable to the generality of readers.

Clitander and Amanda were the feigned names the parties took to themſelves during one ſeaſon of their correſpondence, and

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ſhall therefore be preſerved in the following pages. Clitander was the third ſon of a worthy farmer in the kingdom of Caledonia, who deſcended from a family of conſiderable repute, in that part of the country where they lived, was reſpected by his acquaintance, although more diſtinguiſhed for his integrity than his learning, for his honeſty than his riches. Nevertheleſs he had a vaſt eſteem for education, and his ambition was to render it the chief patrimony of his children. His eldeſt ſon however quitted the road of literature, and entered into the commercial world: his ſecond ſon died young, and the third of whom we ſpeak, having from his earlieſt years declared his love of the learned profeſſions, being fond of public ſpeaking, made choice of the pulpit. After four years ſpent at the public grammar ſchool, where his proficiency and application induced his maſters to recommend him in the ſtrongeſt terms to the profeſſors at the univerſity of Clutha, he there continued his ſtudies, where he remained five years. During this

period he received many favours from the members of that learned body of men, his grateful remembrance whereof will be laſting. Never did I obſerve him let ſlip any opportunity of mentioning their names with the profoundeſt reſpect, and declaring how much he was indebted to them. They had recommended him to ſeveral pupils: in the capacity of tutor he had always acquitted himſelf to the ſingular advantage of the pupil, and the entire ſatisfaction of parents or employers. In April 1764 he took his degree as Maſter of Arts—enrolled his name among the ſtudents of Theology, in which liſt it ſtood for ſix years according to the eccleſiaſtical government of that national church. During the two firſt of theſe he regularly attended the courſe of lectures upon that ſcience, and in the end of the year 1765 went into the county of Argathelia to ſuperintend the education of two young gentlemen,

There he ſpent three years, except a few weeks each ſeaſon when he repaired to the univerſity of Clutha, to deliver whatever

exerciſe

exerciſe had been preſcribed to him—renew his name in the liſt which muſt be done every year of the ſix, and then returned with freſh inſtructions and labours for his ſtudious hours. The father of theſe pupils at that time under his charge, was an amiable gentleman vaſtly fond of company; who partly from the ſurpriſing progreſs his ſons made under their preceptor, and from the engaging frankneſs and affable converſation of Clitander honoured him with his eſteem, and introduced him to his extenſive acquaintance, nor did this regard end but with his life. After this gentleman's death Clitander became tutor to the ſons of a brother of his late much loved friend. With this gentleman by profeſſion a phyſician, Clitander ſpent an agreeable year; during which having taken orders according to the forms of that church, he preached ſeveral times to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of a polite and judicious audience. If I may ſo ſpeak he was now in his element; Oratory being his darling ſtudy, for which his natural powers were

allowed to be conſiderable, and that he only wanted the opportunity of hearing firſt rate ſpeakers to copy them with propriety.

As he had not the native language of Argathelia he ſaw the neceſſity of leaving it. This he did to the great grief of his acquaintance, and in 1769 came to a flouriſhing ſea-port town, which takes its name from the monarch of the wood joined to the colour of Nature's carpet. Being a ſtranger in that place, he wiſhed to keep himſelf ſo as long as poſſible, that with the greater freedom he might devote himſelf to his private ſtudies, and the duties of his new profeſſion. Though of an exceeding ſociable turn, yet he was never happier than when peruſing the antient page, or imbibing the inſtructive modern. Hiſtory, Philoſophy, and Poetry were his favourites—Livy, Plato, Seneca, Shafteſbury, Milton, Pope and Addiſon with ſuch like authors pleaſed him more, than all the heavy ſyſtems of Divinity; though with this ſcience in a rational man-

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ner he was converſant, for his principles as a divine like his abilities as a ſpeaker were never called in queſtion. It is true he never preached, nor even choſe to talk much, about Election, Predeſtination, or the abſolute Decrees of God. I have heard him declare that he thought ſuch ſubjects unfit for the pulpit, beſides totally unprofitable to the generality of hearers. His diſcourſes were always plain, ſentimental, and pious; and his manner of delivering them ſo engaging that few wearied while he ſpoke, or heard him once but wiſhed to hear him again. A few appearances in public inevitably drew him into company. In converſation he had the good fortune to pleaſe as well as in the pulpit. His acquaintance in the town ſoon became univerſal, every genteel family appeared happy with him.

Being young, and poſſeſſed of a ſmooth inſinuating addreſs, he was never unwelcome to the females on a tea viſit or any other party. His humour and vivacity rendered him agreeable to his own com-

panions. On ſuch occaſions he often heard mention made of a young lady, a celebrated beauty, then not at home.—He wiſhed to ſee her—and though unable to account for it, ſcarce ever heard her named without fetching a ſigh. At the ordination of a clergyman, at which it is cuſtomary in that country for the beſt company to attend, by accident he ſaw her—was introduced to her—the next moment ſhe ſeized his heart. By means of a companion of his own, and admirer of hers, he had the pleaſure of ſpending that evening in her company, and after ſupper of attending her home.

At parting ſhe thanked him—beſides politely ſaying ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee him at her father's houſe. Each letter which compoſed the words was fixed in Clitander's remembrance, but more ſo the image of her who ſpoke them. Sleep that night left his eyes, and when he aroſe he found ſo had tranquillity his mind. Yeſterday's ſun roſe upon him unruffled by paſſion—to-day's beheld him in the moſt con-

fuſed

fuſed agitation, and tortured with a thouſand fears. To the dull page he could not now apply, nor even did poetry pleaſe unleſs deſcriptive of the tender paſſions, or muſic but when it ſung the pains of deepeſt love. His conſtant prayer had been, that Reaſon might ſtand pilot when Love ſhould blow the gale; and he had frequently aſſerted, that from the misfortunes he had obſerved incident to thoſe in whom this powerful paſſion had the entire aſcendancy, it ſhould always be under command in his breaſt enter when it would. It was now that he found this to be the language of inexperience.

As he had been a paſſionate admirer of Nature in her ſimple grandeur, and almoſt an enthuſiaſt upon the advantages of retirement, he withdrew from company, and only frequented the ſhady grove: but was ſurprized to find the image of Amanda there. Each warbler he thought ſweetly carolled the praiſes of her he adored—the verdure of the wood—the fragrant perfume—the bloſſoming trees and riſing flowers

flowers—the hill—the dale—the purling ſtream only furniſhed him with figures to deſcribe the charms of Amanda, and inſtead of cooling, increaſed his paſſion. He upon this altered his plan, ſtill hoping to conquer, and mingled more than uſual in company. He converſed about, and intereſted himſelf in the common occurrences of life, ſtill all in vain. Then ſaid he no law is made for love.

Law is to things which to free choice relate,
Love is not in our choice but in our fate;
Laws are but poſitive, Love's power we ſee
Is Nature's ſanction and her firſt decree.

DRYDEN.

One expedient more he tried, namely, the company of other females, hoping the diverſity of objects might abate the fervor of his love. The effect was juſt the reverſe. Each one he ſaw only brought Amanda to his mind, and being now a partial judge, he naturally gave the preference, by affixing ſuperior excellence to that object of which his will had made choice. Finding nothing would baniſh,

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he began to think of yielding to Love. He to obtain favour in the ſight of his Conqueror vindicated his character, called Love the refiner of hearts, and frequently had theſe lines of the poet in his mouth:

Love's an heroic paſſion, which can find
No room in any baſe degen'rate mind:
It kindles all the ſoul with Honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his deſire.

DRYDEN.

And indeed it had this effect upon him, for all his thoughts were turned upon the proper method of obtaining another interview with Amanda, and planning out the moſt probable methods of gaining her eſteem. To her father he was known, yet not intimately enough to adventure to viſit him at his houſe, without aſſigning ſome other reaſon than the real one, which at this time he meant not to reveal.

This gentleman's hiſtory we ſhall give in a few words, as is requiſite conſidering the part he acted in Clitander's unhappy caſe; a part, however ſimilar to the conduct of prudent fathers, as they are called

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in theſe faſhionable times, which is nevertheleſs perfectly incongruous to all the laws of juſtice, and dictates of propriety and wiſdom.

His extraction was from the meaneſt kind of people in the pariſh of Innergliſe, ſituated near the mouth of the river Glotta, a place extremely convenient for ſmuggling, to which way of life the inhabitants are brought up from the time they can row a boat to a ſhip in the roads, and is the only ſource whence many of them have drawn conſiderable fortunes. The father of Amanda, whom I ſhall call Morſonus, having in his early years tended the flocks of a wealthy baronet in that country, went afterwards to ſea. His activity correſponding to his ambition, from cabin-boy he roſe to the rank of commander of a ſhip. His principles being always ſubſervient to his intereſt, in this ſtation he amaſſed money. And having by many years practice pickt up a tolerable knowledge of navigation, of keeping accounts—and of trade in general—he was kept in

conſtant

conſtant employ. In other reſpects he was quite illiterate, unpoliſhed either by books or company; his manners were like the element he traverſed, rude and boiſterous, and his morals exceeding looſe, whilſt his pretenſions to religion were great. When only a common ſailor he married Langa, a young woman who lived in the ſame pariſh with himſelf, and of a rank upon a par with his own. Though the humble nature of her condition in life rendered her a ſtranger to what paſſes in the wealthy or gay world, ſhe diſtinguiſhed herſelf by her filial affection to her aged, poor, and widowed mother, who to ſupport herſelf and family was obliged to ſubmit to the loweſt ſpecies of induſtry. To be aſſiſting to her mother in the purchaſing and tranſporting of theſe mercantile articles, by the vending of which ſhe chiefly ſubſiſted, many weariſome journies did poor Langa take, between the town ſhe now with ſplendor lives in, and that where her mother dwelt. This I mention to her praiſe, becauſe had the ſame principles which ſeem to have influenced her then been equally preſerved

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in her proſperity, how amiable would her character have been? She is not the firſt female whoſe heart the Mammon of this world has corrupted, and whoſe principles have changed with their fortunes.

The firſt child ſhe bore was Amanda, dear to her in many reſpects, one was, that ſhe loſt the ſight of one of her eyes in recovering from the pains of child-birth. This, with ſuch like circumſtances, for the moſt part endears the child to the mother in particular. The huſband of Langa continuing at ſea grew rich extremely faſt. People wondered—Surmizes were made—but none ventured to ſpeak what they thought. Silence in ſuch caſes being generally commendable, nor is this for the moſt part long impoſed, ſince events ſoon explain the nature of their cauſe. In proportion to the increaſe of his wealth, his family altered their lodgings, dreſs, and manner of living. Langa began to ſtudy faſhions and modes of behaviour; though Nature had forbad her ever making a figure in ſuch things. But as ſhe imagined affluence

called

called for politeneſs, ſhe was willing to attempt the gaining of that, which her ſcanty education had been by no means ſuited to beſtow. Her huſband was now beginning to be reckoned among the conſiderable merchants in town, when her ignorance of the world and imprudence of conduct diſcovered the ſecret cauſe. Vanity is in a peculiar manner natural to the ſex, but chiefly to one who hath roſe from a narrow to an affluent fortune. Much judgment and ſelf command that woman requires, who from homely woollen or neat linen comes to loll in ſatin and ruſtle in brocade. The vaſt quantities of ſilk which Langa had in the houſe ſhe could not conceal, but inviting her neighbours to view them—offered them to ſale—and ſold them at a cheap rate. Suſpicion waxed ſtrong—information to the proper officers was given—a diſcovery made. It was manifeſted that Morſonus had got rich by tranſgreſſing the laws of his country. A proſecution againſt him commenced—ſecurity for his appearance being given prevented

vented his being incarcerated. Conſcious of his guilt, he ſecretly prevailed with his brother in law to decamp for America, and others of his domeſtics to diſappear for a time, in order to prevent their being condemning evidences againſt him. By ſuch fineſſe added to the interceſſion of powerful friends, and ſome quirks of the law, of which he ſingularly availed himſelf, he eſcaped the puniſhment due to his iniquitous proceedings.

This affair mortified his pride and emptied his purſe not a little, though the univerſal opinion was that it doubled his cunning, while it increaſed not his honeſty. As the ſuit had coſt him money, he followed the old Caledonian proverb; and applied for a remedy to the decreaſe of his ſubſtance, which he ever reckoned the greateſt evil, "a hair of the dog that bit him." He purchaſed more rotten barks than ever, for it was but of late he ever had any ſhare in a new one. Among the commercial people in the weſt of Caledonia, he and his partners in trade were called,

and

and well known by the appellation of the "Rotten Company." Of above 20 ſail of ſquare rigged veſſels belonging to this ſucceſsful company, there were few, if any, but what had laid ſometime upon the bank condemned as uſeleſs previous to their purchaſing of them. To ſail in them was dangerous, but thoſe in every profeſſion may be found, who will rather riſk a good deal than want altogether. Granting theſe crazy veſſels foundered at ſea, for the moſt part only the inſurers and ſailers were ſufferers. Morſonus uſed to applaud the propriety of inſurance offices, as productive of ſingular advantages to commerce; by which word he meant money-getting: and when he heard of any loſs at ſea aſked firſt about the inſurance. If this had been neglected he was wont to blame the owners exceedingly, whereas this being ſafe he accounted the loſs of lives as an event common to all in one ſhape or other, and therefore ſlightly paſſed it over. It hath even been ſuſpected ſince the above period that by inſuring nothing

he

he gained a great deal. This paradox, ſhould any perſons in buſineſs be dull enough not to comprehend, the news papers of that kingdom for the month of April 1772, or the inſurers in the city of Clutha will fully inſtruct them.

However when Clitander came to know him he was indeed a wealthy merchant and freeholder in the town, whoſe family dreſſed as gay as any other, and Amanda their whole pride, was acknowledged the moſt noted beauty who frequented the politeſt reſorts. The greateſt fault perhaps committed in her education had been that ſhe was too ſoon introduced to theſe. But her ſparkling eye could not fail to pierce the heart which was under its glances; her elegant appearance inſpired love as well as wonder; and her engaging behaviour procured the moſt willing attention. Peculiarly indulged by her parents ſhe might go where ſhe pleaſed. The abuſe of her indulgences paved the way to her misfortunes. Conſcious of her ſuperior charms ſhe was fond of praiſe, and early accuſtomed to flattery,

that

that the compliments paid her might be realized, ſhe fooliſhly ran to intrigue. A ſure proof of this was, that in the time of her education, inſtead of attending to the ſeveral parts thereof as ſhe ought, her days were ſpent in reading romances, perpetually walking with boys, or keeping up a correſpondence with them in letters, under the character of a Lover. Theſe things ſhe afterwards with regret confeſſed, tho' her conduct evidenced the inſincerity of her repentance, which it ſeems had only cropt the branches of her propenſity to galantry and infidelity, its common attendant, but never laid the ax to the root of the tree.

Scarce yet ſixteen Amanda was admir'd;
How many votaries at her feet expir'd!
Nature to her ten thouſand graces gave,
Eyes to inſnare, and beauty to enſlave.
But what is beauty? what the ſparkling eye?
Where pride and vanity the reſt ſupply?

This was true in her caſe, and to remove the weight of an objection which ſome readers may make, namely, if ſo---muſt

not

not he have been void of diſcernment, and fooliſh to the laſt degree, who fell a ſacrifice to ſuch an object? Let it be remembered, that the paſſion of love like the bee ſips only the ſweets, in its firſt acts it creates or enlarges good qualities, then feeds upon theſe alone, is totally blind to defects, and provided it becomes reciprocal, will probably ever continue ſo. Clitander was truly in love: no wonder then that the foibles of Amanda were ſo nicely veiled. No doubt any attraction peculiar to her ſituation at that period wholly proceeded from the public eſtimation ſhe was held in; and her good nature, of which ſhe had a great ſhare, joined to her youth, made every one hope that could he ſecure her affections, he might afterwards form her to his own mind.

Having thus deſcribed the parents, and briefly remarked the youthful bloom and pleaſing beauty of Amanda: I return to Clitander, whom I left contriving the method of obtaining an interview with her, to confeſs the power of her charms

by

by acknowledging himſelf her moſt paſſionate admirer. But a few days had elapſed, when he met her one morning returning from bathing, at which exerciſe he himſelf had been. After the uſual compliments were over, he introduced a converſation upon the ſofter paſſions, which he found to be agreeable, and ſo well taken by her, that before he took his leave of her, he preſumed to aſk if ſhe was engaged by promiſe or ſuch like to any one; if ſhe was he declared he had nothing more to ſay upon that point; ſince he had ever reckoned it diſhonourable, and quite inconſiſtent with the character of a gentleman to injure another in this tender part. She frankly confeſſed herſelf under no obligations of the kind. Upon hearing this, his hopes grew more ſanguine; he talked of love in general, ſaid many things whence it might be inferred he loved, though he made no poſitive declaration. She gently upbraided him for not uſing the invitation formerly given him to viſit her, and at parting renewed it.

Diſtracted with paſſion and full of ſolicitude he went home—pondered the matter—wiſhed he had been acquainted in the family, was afraid in what light the parents might view a viſit from him without an invitation from themſelves; yet be this as it would, reſolved to go to ſee her.

It happened that on the afternoon of that day whereon he went, the family were all abroad, Amanda excepted. How fervent were his thanks for this lucky omen! The young lawyer's breaſt is not more thrilled with joy upon gaining the firſt cauſe he ever pleaded in public, than was Clitander's upon finding Amanda alone. She politely received him—The ſubject of his converſation was ſtill love—the pleaſures of a tender connection, the qualities of a true lover and the like.—"They took no note of time but from its loſs." Her mother about an hour after he had entered upon theſe topics came into the room—ſo did the father---both welcomed Clitander to the houſe, and begged that he would be no ſtranger. They all drank tea together---carried on the moſt ſocial con-

converſation---though Clitander's eyes held a ſeparate dialogue with Amanda: And as only a lover underſtands this language the parents ſuſpected nothing.

After this viſit he was ſuch a ſlave in the dominions of Cupid, and ſo galled by the fetters he bore, that he could keep from complaining of the loſs of liberty no longer, therefore reſolved the next time he enjoyed her company to avow his paſſion in the plaineſt terms. Twice already had he made this reſolution without being able to put it in execution. In the trueſt love there is often a great mixture of timidity. A week paſſed, each day whereof ſeemed a year, before an opportunity offered. Strolling one day in a penſive mood, near her father's country ſeat, he obſerved her at the window---went into the houſe --and finding her all alone, he occupied the precious minutes in profeſſing himſelf her ſincere lover, and met with all the complaiſance a firſt declaration could reaſonably expect. Time was aſked and granted to conſider the matter. She did ſo.---And gave him liberty to continue his viſits,

alledging, that in the courſe thereof ſhe would get better acquainted with him, which would be the propereſt baſis of her final determination.

Encouraged hereby he paid the ſtricteſt attention to her, and was aſſiduous in diſcharging all the offices of an unaffected admirer, nor was his penetration much exerciſed till he diſcerned the place he had in her heart, and the progreſs he made in her eſteem. Tell, ye lovers, how ſucceſs fans your fires! or the pleaſing ideas with which a reciprocal affection inſpires you! --That he might the oftener be favoured with her company, and have the better pretext for his viſits, he cultivated with all imaginable care the acquaintance of the parents. Knowing that mothers are the more immediate guardians of their daughters, he purſued every ſcheme which he conceived would render him agreeable to Langa. So well he ſucceeded that he became a vaſt favourite. His ſmooth elocution, and readineſs in adopting her ſentiments ingratiated him with her to ſuch a degree, that ſhe was among the

firſt

firſt to ſound his public praiſe, and at home treated him with the moſt intimate familiarity. Now he became almoſt a daily viſitor in the family; and ſometimes uſed the freedom, which was as freely given, to carry out Amanda on an evening walk---a cuſtom in ſummer pretty generally obſerved among the politeſt people in that country. The reader by this time may conceive on what ſubject he entertained her. Inſtead of repairing to the public walks, this fond pair often went to the banks of a ſmall river nigh to a ſhady grove, where, undiſturbed except by the roving ſchool boy, they breathed the language of love. There Clitander uſed to expatiate on love---paint a genuine attachment---and refer to his own for the juſtneſs of his colours. Told what he felt when firſt he, to uſe his own words, taken from ſome verſes he wrote her,

"Dar'd round thy fine ſhap'd neck my arms to twine,
And preſs thy lips, and mix thy breath with mine."

Which interviews concluded with freſh proteſtations of his love. And knowing that poetry is the lover's friend, from thoſe

authors he peruſed he culled out ſuch ſentiments as were ſimilar to his own---theſe he uſed to repeat to the pleaſed Amanda, who with a ſigh, a bluſh, or a ſmile, and ſometimes by an ingenuous commendation of the lines never failed to repay him. Was I not afraid of interlarding this narration too much, many of the ſofteſt paſſages from the Engliſh poets might be inſerted, which I found among his papers wrote upon that ſubject. But for the liberty which I may chance to take in this reſpect, already have I offered an apology, which ſhall not be repeated. In theſe peaceful moments ſacred to love, he was wont among other things to ſay to the liſtening Amanda,

Go! bid the needle his dear north forſake,
To which with trembling rev'rence it doth bend.
Go! bid the ſtones a journey upward make,
Go! bid th' ambitious flame no more aſcend.
And when theſe falſe to their old motions prove,
Then will I ceaſe, thee, thee alone to love.

COWL.

Upon theſe occaſions only the ſhades of night forced them to think of home: for

in

in one ſenſe each thought themſelves ſo when in the others arms: nor did her parents fail to ſuſpect what was the cauſe of her chooſing to walk ſo late in the evenings. Her mother in particular aſked her if Clitander was paying his addreſſes to her, to which ſhe gave an evaſive anſwer.

The time of his leaving that place approached, and how to ſettle this delicate affair was the queſtion. The lovers had confeſſed their reciprocal affection, but ſince it was inconvenient for either of them to marry at this time, they agreed to vow eternal conſtancy to each other, and confirm it by an oath and by their ſubſcription thereto. In an evening previous to his departure, he attended the willing nymph to the well known retreat, where with hands joined, and eyes ſtedfaſtly looking up to heaven, each uttered theſe ſolemn words: "As I ſhall anſwer to Almighty God, I am and ſhall be only yours." Claſped then in each others arms, with bleeding hearts and weeping eyes they endeavoured to pronounce the cruel word, Farewel.

Adieu then O my ſoul's far better part!
Thy image ſticks ſo cloſe,
That the blood follows from my rending heart.
A laſt farewel!
For ſince a laſt muſt come the reſt are vain,
Like gaſps in death which but prolong our pain.
DRYD.

It had been agreed between them that an epiſtolary correſpondence ſhould take place; that ſhe ſhould write firſt, and in that letter expreſs her vow. In a few days ſhe did ſo —with rapture Clitander read the only ſentiment, a belief of which could calm the tumult of his ſoul, or fit him to diſcharge the duties of his profeſſion with propriety. He immediately replied, and before ſhe had time to anſwer, private buſineſs obliged him to take a journey thither. In the evening he flew to his charmer, whom he found more penſive and reſerved than uſual. His viſit being unexpected, and a rival who had been urging his requeſt, having juſt taken his leave as Clitander entered the parlour, produced this effect: for he next poſt received a letter begging his goodneſs would excuſe the coolneſs of her behaviour the preceding evening;

evening; aſſuring him that her heart ſpoke much, and only love to him, though her tongue from a variety of reaſons had not expreſſed it to him: hoping he would accept the atonement, if her pen now ſuffered for the treſpaſs ſhe had then committed. In his reply he accepted the apology, mentioned the pains of abſence, and as her laſt letter had been unuſually warm and expreſſive of her ſincere and growing paſſion, he took the liberty to caution her, leſt the time ſhould come, which he then imagined never would, when ſhe ſhould forget what ſhe had now ſwore, and be enamoured of another.

Clitander was more than a favourite among the polite families in that part of the country---he was uſeful to their darling and riſing hopes. This rendered them uneaſy in his abſence, and put them upon the formation of a ſcheme which made it worth his while to return. He adored the providence, which carried him back to the place where his heart was finally fixt. He had not been a month abſent, when he took up his reſidence for a year at leaſt,

in the town where his dear Amanda lived. Beloved by all----his days flowed chearfully---were crowned with abundance, and ſpent in friendſhip. Ill-fated youth! too happy had he never loved! the preſent may be proſperous, and who can tell the future.

Scarce a day paſſed in which theſe paſſionate lovers did not ſee each other, and that for the moſt part at her parents houſe, nor did Morſonus ſeem diſſatisfied; or Langa who was privy to all theſe viſits. Had a connection between him and their daughter, been contrary to their mind, it had then been eaſy to have prevented it, as well as prudent to have hindered what when done can never be undone. Amanda, it is true, one evening told him, that her mother from his frequent viſits and manner ſuſpecting the matter, had again ſeriouſly aſked her about it: but that ſhe neither confeſſed nor denied, ſaid ſeveral things in his praiſe, to the juſtice of which her mother aſſented, and thus the ſubject for that time dropt.

That

That reſerve ſo common in the beginning of a love correſpondence being now over, in their mutual breathings of affection Amanda confeſſed that from the moment ſhe ſaw him ſhe loved him; and uſed to tell him, that if he loſt his heart at the firſt interview he never went out of the room till he was paid for it, ſince he got hers in exchange.

Oh who can dictate, or what tongue reveal!
The ſtrong delight which favour'd lovers feel.
When fancy'd joys their raviſh'd thoughts inſpire,
Elate with hope and fed with fond deſire;
Now pleaſing tranſports fill'd his youthful breaſt,
Amanda loved, and he was more than bleſt.

In the courſe of converſation, Clitander had frequently mentioned to Amanda the practice of ſome who in caſes of a ſimilar nature to their own, reſted the matter upon a ſtill firmer foundation, even written obligations or bonds mutually ſubſcribed. Amanda applauded the ſcheme and was impatient to execute it. Having no jealouſy of Clitander's love nor doubt of its conſtancy, ſhe declared herſelf willing to go any lengths with him: In conſequence of this, they on the 8th of January 1771,

voluntarily bound themſelves in ſuch a manner, as they imagined, at leaſt meant ſhould be valid by laws divine and human; from which contract, though without witneſſes, none of them could ever recede without being guilty of the deepeſt perjury.

Previous to the tranſaction Clitander explained the nature of it, and in the ſtrongeſt manner pointed out the dreadful conſequences reſulting from the breach of ſo ſolemn and ſacred an obligation. At his earneſt deſire ſhe ſpent ſeveral days in pondering theſe things in her mind, at laſt told him ſhe was ready to ſubſcribe the ſame whenever he pleaſed. Notwithſtanding every proof of her affection which he had already received, ſtill he dreaded a change of her affections, and though a ſincere, he was a timorous and deſponding lover. Of all this ſhe often complained as being injurious to her honour and fidelity, therefore the more urged him to this ſtep, hoping his fears which ſhe called unreaſonable would be thereby diſpelled, and full confidence in her affection produced

duced which ſhe wiſhed to ſee. Nothing he owned could give him more joy, ſtill he apprehended an alteration might happen. Her ſingular beauty was obvious to each gazing ſwain, each one who beheld her run the hazard of glowing with a flame equal to his own: Many chances are in love, and ſuch circumſtances conjoined with her youth and inexperience, might make her forget her new loved Clitander. She grew angry at ſuch diſcourſe; declared again and again that her heart was incapable of change; wiſhed to know in what point her conduct had ever been blameable ſince ſhe had profeſſed attachment to him, or from what peculiarity in her temper he inferred inconſtancy. None but generous minds know the force of a female pleading love. Their oratory on that ſubject is for the moſt part convincing; nor would he give a favourable account of himſelf, who ſuffered Youth and Beauty to plead with him in vain.

Clitander ceaſed to ſay more—to have heſitated longer would have brought his own ſincerity in queſtion. He drew up

the bond which both ſigned, but a miſtake in the date not perceived at the time of ſigning rendered a renewal of it requiſite. He told Amanda it was dated as upon Sunday, which in that country would invalidate the deed; therefore this one was burnt, and another exact copy of the ſame in like manner ſubſcribed, placed in its room. This circumſtance I thought it proper to mention, to ſhow the free nature and deliberation with which Amanda ſubſcribed, which is a matter of import as will be hereafter obſerved. The original contract lies on the table before me, and is verbatim as follows:

"As a variety of reaſons diſſuade us "from making our intentions public at "preſent: I Clitander by the free will "and conſent of Amanda the other "ſubſcribing party, have wrote the fol-"lowing lines: wherein we mutually "and ſolemnly in the preſence of Al-"mighty God, acknowledge and de-"clare ourſelves to be married perſons. "That all the duties and privileges "belonging to and reſulting from that

"ſtate

" ſtate of life are binding upon us, and
" this from henceforth till death us
" part. In witneſs whereof at G——k
" on this day being the eighth day of
" January, one thouſand ſeven hundred
" and ſeventy one years, we thus each
" for ourſelves ſubſcribe,

Clitander.
Amanda."

To give the more certain information to the reader it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that the above obligation was wrote in and ſigned by their true chriſtian names. Clitander upon ſealing it up offered it to Amanda, who as her parents knew nothing of it, and not doubting Clitander's honour, inſiſted upon his keeping of the ſame, leſt it ſhould by accident be found in her cuſtody, and by that means bring on a diſcovery ſooner than was for the real intereſt or convenience of either party. From this period they looked upon themſelves as unalterably each others: to confirm which the more, letters paſſed between them conveying their ſenſe of this relation. She in her epiſtles addreſſed him as her

Dear

Dear Huſband, and aſſuming his name, ſubſcribed them as his Affectionate Wife.

Though he was always welcome to the houſe of Morſonus, and might have her company there as often as he pleaſed, ſtill the fond couple wiſhed to be oftener together, ſince now they only lived to and for each other. When the one was abſent no ſcene could pleaſe, no object invite, no company entertain, nor did they value time, but as ſpent with each other, and then they indeed complained of its velocity. The more to gratify their mutual inclination in this reſpect, Clitander prevailed with her to viſit him at his lodgings, which owing to their ſituation ſhe might do without being perceived or ſuſpected. This was the only thing they needed to guard againſt, for the ſteps which had been taken, and the relation ſhe now ſtood in to Clitander, perfectly removed the real impropriety of a lady of character viſiting a ſingle gentleman. With this ſhe complied, and that ſo often that almoſt every evening ſhe found ſome excuſe to her mother for going abroad, and generally about 7 o'clock in

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the evening ran with a lover's haſte to Clitander's arms, and uſed to reckon theſe the happieſt moments ſhe ſpent. As ſhe always left him before ſupper, the matter paſſed as if ſhe had been on a ſhort viſit to ſome of her companions.

About the middle of the month of March ſhe made a ſmall journey to the flouriſhing city of Clutha. Clitander after converſing with Langa in private, for a conſiderable time on the evening of that day on which Amanda ſet out, rode next morning with the utmoſt expedition to the houſe in Clutha, where lodged the more than one half of his ſoul. Not finding her at home, he left word that he would call at 6 o'clock in the evening, when he hoped ſhe would be at leiſure. He was alſo obliged to attend the funeral of an uncle that afternoon, though to keep preciſely his aſſignation, he did not take time to throw off his mournings; an unlucky omen thoſe who deal in ſuperſtition will ſay of what afterwards befell him. At calling for her, he found her environed with a number of old admirers and acquaintance, who only gazed

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when they beheld the free manner in which Clitander accoſted her, and the commanding tone in which he propoſed her going out with him alone. Succeſs gives confidence to love: And pleaſing obedience to her lover will immediately follow a woman's giving him her heart. Amanda was ready to obey. Some of the young gentlemen in the room politely offered to attend. Clitander begged their pardon, and in ſuch a manner that they inſtantly conjectured the buſineſs was of a private nature. He carried her to a houſe where he had beſpoke a room for that evening. On account of ſome circumſtances which the landlady remarked, ſhe ſeriouſly queſtioned Clitander concerning the lady, and inſiſted upon knowing who ſhe was. Being thus cloſely interrogated, he replied, his Wife. Then introduced her as ſuch to her, and her huſband, who upon this both ſeated themſelves, filled their glaſſes and drunk proſperity to her as Mrs. T——, to which appellation ſhe anſwered, and in that character thanked them. The landlady enquired if they meant to ſleep there

that

that night, but as there was a number of children in the family, leſt they ſhould prattle, the young couple declined the offer, and about 12 o'clock at night called a ſedan, for hackney coaches in the ſtreets are not uſed in the cities of that kingdom, and ordered the bearers to carry them to the moſt public inn that was in the place, judging they would paſs unnoticed more eaſily here, than where the concourſe was ſmaller and the buſtle leſs. It turned out as they imagined, only the Miſtreſs of the inn challenged Clitander, who dreading a diſcovery flew to invention, the handmaid of love, and aſſuming a different name, ſaid that they were a couple, who had come late to town, and did not chooſe to trouble their friends for that night. Before the enraptured pair roſe next morning, the deviſing a proper excuſe for Amanda's being out of her lodgings a whole night ſomewhat perplexed them. The ladies with whom ſhe lodged were of the niceſt honour, of the ſtricteſt virtue, nor would be eaſily ſatisfied. A young lady of character leaving a reſpectable family in the evening

evening in company with a gentleman, promiſing to return ſpeedily, and yet not appearing till next morning muſt neceſſarily look extremely odd. How to account for it without divulging the real cauſe was truly puzzling. Should ſhe pretend ſhe had ſlept with ſome female companion—an enquiry, which it was more than probable curioſity would make concerning ſo ſtrange an event, would increaſe ſuſpicion and might unravel the plot. However, to alledge this was the beſt expedient that occurred to them—ſhe embraced it—and for that time it paſſed or rather ſeemed to paſs.

Clitander for various reaſons requeſted of her to ſtay ten days longer in that city whilſt he went directly home. Their caution had indeed been great, yet their fondneſs of each other was often the ſubject of diſcourſe among their numerous acquaintance. That ſomething particular would take place upon his journey to Clutha had been ſurmiſed, though none of them reached Clitander's ears till a conſiderable time after his return. Each poſt brought or carried letters to or from this happy pair,

which

which expreſſed the warmeſt affection, and fraught with the ſentiments of unſullied love. If I had Clitander's letters by me as I have a true copy of Amanda's, I would inſert the whole, but ſeeing I cannot gratify the readers with the former, he muſt be content with a few ſentences from the latter. One of them ſhe begins thus. "My Loving Huſband, I received yours "with pleaſure, as it brought me the word "of your being well. I was juſt thinking "that if my parents knew what I had "done they might be againſt it, but all "they could do could not alter my mind, "nor change my affections from the man "I ſo dearly love."

Another ſhe begins thus. "My Dear "Huſband, for ſo I have owned you to be "in my former letters to you, and it is "with pleaſure I own myſelf your wife. "Yes, my dear, I am your wife in every "ſenſe of the word, and may you ſtill "continue to think yourſelf my huſband, "which is all I wiſh and all I want, for "if ever you think otherwiſe I certainly "ſhall be both miſerable and unhappy."

With

With theſe and ſuch like expreſſions did her letters abound, and what could love or ſincerity ſay more? The tranſport ſuch epiſtles occaſioned in Clitander's breaſt cannot well be imagined, for after theſe with the other teſtimonies of her love which ſhe had given, he never once dreamt ſhe could be deceitful. His doubts being now removed, ſecurity took place. He judged her heart by his own, and concluded that death would be leſs terrible or leſs ſhunned than falſehood. Till experience convinced him to the contrary, he had allowed that females when once engaged, were more ſteady in their attachments than males, nor does he think that exceptions ought to deſtroy the general rule. Little did he believe,

What women tell their lovers fade like dreams,
And ſhould be wrote in air or running ſtreams,
They will be falſe and ſolemn oaths forget,
So pleaſing is the lechery of deceit.

Tedious—dreadfully tedious did the days now ſeem to the love-ſick Clitander, his letters to Amanda breathed his reſtleſs anxiety, and urged her ſpeedy return. Too ſoon in his opinion might private affairs call him thence, when he would of courſe loſe

loſe the pleaſures of her company—this occaſioned her abſence from her native place, while he was in it, to be perfectly uneaſy to and inſupportable by him.

But whilſt her abſence grieved him, and a thouſand fears relative to the Clutha affair diſquieted him; another unexpected ſource of diſtreſs aroſe. Of ſhort duration is the imprudent lover's felicity, but the conſequences are laſting, and his woes are heavy and many. His intrigue began to be the talk of tea tables, and each old maid told it by way of ſecret to another. Sly matrons artfully entertained Clitander with ſtories about the mean extraction of Morſonus and his ſpouze Langa. Each deſcribed the low ſituation they remembered to have ſeen them in, and enviouſly compared their preſent affluence to their paſt indigence. Clitander's ſoul abhorred ſuch odious compariſons, and defending them, ſaid it was more to their deſerved praiſe, ſince their riſe and wealth were owing to their own prudence and induſtry; that poverty was no diſgrace; that ſtarting it as an objection ſhewed a contracted mind

if

if not a bad heart: that mankind ought to be rated and valued by their real merit as far as it can be juſtly aſcertained, not by their outward lot in life or fortunes, ſince theſe were unconnected with the former, and quite precarious; the wiſe man's to-day and the fool's to-morrow.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The reſt is all but leather or prunella. POPE.

They blamed the diſhoneſt trade Morſonus had carried on, and remarked that he might be called a tranſgreſſor of the laws of his country in the moſt public places. Not a little piqued at Clitander's animated defence, they added, What ſignifies the public repute he has, ſince it can only be for his riches, which were acquired by fraud! Even this charge Clitander endeavoured to alleviate by ſaying, that ſmuggling was ſo very general in the place he was brought up in, that he muſt have been almoſt ſingular, not to have purſued what was ſuppoſed to be the only thriving buſineſs in the pariſh. This argument, though a bad one, he uſed rather than want one altogether. His unknown intereſt in the family

family, made him too much rejoice in and pray for its proſperity, and his love for Amanda inſpired him with eloquence in apologizing for the father. Nor after all was this more than gratitude, for often had the father's lips ſpoke in praiſe of him:

From her parents they proceeded to Amanda herſelf, enlarged upon her vanity, her diſſipation, and pride. This was ſtabbing the ſenſibility of Clitander in the moſt tender part, for he thought if this charge was well founded, it impeached the propriety of his choice, and truly wounded himſelf. Scarce did he enter a company where his ears were not grated with bitter ſarcaſms thrown at her character, and minute narrations of imprudencies aſcribed to her. The chief ſource whereof at this time more than any other was, that owing to the then apprehended rupture with Spain, about Falkland iſlands, a number of navy and military gentlemen were in the town, who generally occaſion a buſtle among the females wherever they come. The people in that town being exceedingly

hoſpitable, an acquaintance ſoon commenced between the handſome officers and the young ladies. Amanda was not the only one whoſe character ſuffered during their continuance on that ſtation. So fond are women of admiration, and preference to others, that to obtain theſe they will ſometimes riſque reputation.

That Amanda ſhould be any how concerned in the curious tales that were circulated, or liſten to the galantry of another, when ſhe could without rudeneſs, or being guilty of any breach of politeneſs avoid it, appeared ſurpaſſing ſtrange in Clitander's eyes. He ſpent ſome hours in muſing upon the ſubject. He hated to be jealous, yet wiſhed not to be blind. The firſt heat of paſſion being now over he was a more rational judge of his own conduct, and inſtantly diſcerned many improprieties in the management of the whole affair. For theſe he upbraided himſelf, and in his own reflection anticipated their diſagreeable conſequences. At preſent, ſaid he, I ſtand well in the opinion of the world—at the ſame time, owing to my public character, many

eyes

eyes are fixed upon me—a fault in me however common to humanity will be conſidered as doubly heinous. A blunder in a love affair ſeldom eſcapes public attention, but a manifeſt inconſiſtency in one's choice is ſcarce ever forgiven. That the connection between Amanda and me will be thus conſtrued, there is a thouſand to one againſt me: And that it muſt ſoon be divulged I greatly fear. Juſt heavens, he cried! have I fallen a ſacrifice to beauty only, that tender prey of every coming hour!—Such thoughts obtruded—but his ſoul deteſted to encourage them. Her thoughtleſsneſs he imputed to her youth—was reſolved to caution her—he did ſo—ſhe took it kind—which together with promiſes of greater circumſpection for the future, prompted him to throw the veil of candour over all her foibles. While he condemned he pardoned.

Amanda was of an eaſy diſpoſition, too apt to be unguarded among her companions, who proclaimed her foibles and inadvertencies of conduct, to leſſen the number or merit of her conqueſts, which were ſo

vaſtly ſuperior to their own. We have already ſaid that her Beauty was admired by all, and that the county in which ſhe lived echoed to her fame and praiſe. Wherefore Clitander imputed the moſt of the accuſations againſt her to the envy of partial mothers, who had not daughters in any reſpect her equal, at leaſt in thoſe ſpecious accompliſhments which ſhe ſo eminently poſſeſſed, or to thoſe mortifying neglects received by thoſe daughters, who being leſs amiable were leſs careſſed than her.

It is common with lovers for each to communicate their former experience in love. In doing ſo ſhe had frequently mentioned to him a young gentleman, an acquaintance of his own, whom ſhe ſaid was her firſt admirer, ſhowed him ſome of the letters which had paſſed between them, and informed him how far the correſpondence had gone, and for what reaſons dropt. This was the gentleman whoſe aſſiduity in renewing his addreſſes to her while ſhe was at Clutha, ſhe ſo grievouſly complains of in her epiſtles to Clitander. She named

another

another of her lovers, who was by profeſſion a pettifogger in law, whoſe idea of his own importance proved the cauſe why others thought him of none, and his haſte to be in a public character, became the means of his loſing it. To explain this a little. There was a vacancy in a public office, the preſentation to which was the property of a baronet's eldeſt ſon who was ſuperior of the town. This pettifogger, whom I ſhall call Moddius, was honoured to perform ſome of the drudgery buſineſs, in the attorney way for this baronet and ſon. Happening one night to be in their company when they were over a bottle, he privately conveyed into the baronet's pocket a paper containing the right to this office, as bequeathed to himſelf, and hoped the baronet would ſign it, which was the only thing wanting to render it valid. But as he deſerved he miſſed his end. Thoſe who have places to give, chooſe to have the pleaſure of beſtowing them, and hate to be compelled. Moddius had even then ſcraped together a little money. In an after period he may be a wealthy man,

but there muſt be a vaſt alteration before he is a wiſe one. A connection in trade with Morſonus introduced him to Amanda, nor had he been altogether indifferent in her eyes. Clitander, although baſking in the beams of ſucceſsful love, uſed to propheſy that this ſame Moddius would be the huſband. The third was Florio, the ſon of one of her father's partners in trade, a ſprightly and wealthy young man, at that time rather too mercurial to fix upon any matrimonial ſcheme—but had paid his addreſſes to her—and indeed confeſſed that they had been rejected.

Theſe ſhe ſpoke of as paſt and ended. But Fame, the willing meſſenger of ſlander, brought to his ears an intrigue carried on with a captain G——n much every way prejudicial to her character. Imprudencies with ſome of her father's prentices had been obſerved, and as ill fortune would have it, theſe odious anecdotes were all wafted to the ears of the now perplexed Clitander. The young, the brave, the handſome captain P——y renowned for his intrepidity in the engagement with Thurot,

Thurot, lay now in the harbour with his ſloop of war, and was while he ſtaid the Adonis among the females. Though he was previouſly engaged to an amiable lady in the Iſle of Man, with whom he now lives happy in wedlock, he had galantry enough to improve the advantages which his character, his figure, and ſtation gave him. Two of her companions, Miſs Cecilia R—— and Miſs Jeany H——y told Clitander ſome ſtrange indelicacies of behaviour between the Captain and Amanda. Enraged he upbraided her with her conduct, flew from her ſight, and for ſome time refuſed to ſee her. With tears ſhe pleaded her excuſe, ſaid the other two were in the room the whole time, and ſeemed rather to ſuppoſe, they had combined againſt her, to prevent what ſhe might have whiſpered concerning them. In ſuch kind of female differences, it is impoſſible to tell on which ſide truth lays. Which ever way it was, the Captain told Matilda, an amiable and prudent young lady the couſin of Amanda, but in ſentiment and manner nothing related to her, that it muſt be

owing to the integrity and principles of her lovers, and not any merit of her own, if ſhe preſerved her virtue. The lovely Matilda with pain and regret communicated this piece of intelligence to Clitander, whoſe feelings hereupon may be eaſier conceived than deſcribed. He would have retracted, but honour forbad—he had gone too far.

Amanda returned from Clutha, where ſhe affirmed ſhe had been unhappy becauſe ſeparate from Clitander, and that though the centre of every eye when leading up the dance, or ſparkling in the ſide-box, ſhe only muſed on him, and therefore haſtened to be where he was. Notwithſtanding his ſolicitude about the various reports he had heard, he ran next day impatiently to her arms. Tender was the interview, and mutual the endearments. She promiſed him a viſit that evening at his lodgings: ſhe kept her promiſe. Scarce a night paſſed without his being favoured with the ſame indulgence. About ſix weeks after her return from Clutha, her parents removed to their country ſeat. On account of domeſtic concerns ſhe was left in town with

a ſingle maid ſervant to attend her. Only two of her father's clerks eat in the houſe, and ſlept in the compting room, the windows of which were directly oppoſite to thoſe of Amanda's bed chamber. Clitander, not at that time ſuſpecting the clerks were watching him, improved the golden opportunity. In this reſpect alſo his happineſs, if it deſerved the name, met with a terrible interruption. When he left her one morning, before he had got far from the houſe, he recollected that he had forgot ſomething in her chamber: upon this he haſted back, leſt that being found, might lead to ſuſpect the ſtate of the caſe. But O can tongue expreſs his ſurprize!—when entering her chamber he found a neighbouring young gentleman ſtanding at the bed ſide in which ſhe lay. The gentleman confuſed, pretended he had ſuppoſed her dreſſed, and to give her the news-paper of the day, had preſumed to come into the chamber. Not knowing Clitander's connection with Amanda, the young man could not in one ſenſe be blamed for uſing ſuch liberties, if ſhe ſo tamely permitted

them; therefore Clitander ſaid nothing to him, but ſharply expoſtulated with her. He ſaid her imprudence, after ſo many cautions on his part, and ſo many promiſes of amendment on her's, was truly inexcuſable. But what will not love excuſe? He careſſed her equally as before, while in ſilence he deplored her folly.

Upon her going to the country Clitander urged her to reveal the real ſtate of the matter to her mother—ſaid he could not bear its being longer concealed—was ſenſible he had gone too far without aſking the conſent of her parents, but rejoiced that he ſtood ſo high in their eſteem, and only dreaded their anger, for not acquainting them prior to the formation of the now ſubſiſting connection. That her mother knew of the intrigue was certain, and to ſhow herſelf a friend to it, whenever Clitander came to the houſe, ſhe pretended ſome buſineſs to be gone, and embraced every opportunity of leaving the amorous pair to themſelves. The evening was fixed for Amanda's diſcloſing the matter, and next morning Clitander was to know

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the iſſue. Upon ſeeing him coming to the houſe ſhe met him with ſmiles, and exulting with joy narrated Langa's approbation of their connection. This was freſh fuel to their paſſion, and doubled their joys. Who ſo bleſt as Clitander! Who more fond than Amanda? Now they were leſs ſtudious to conceal their love, but were found often walking in the fields, nay frequently in the moſt public places, in the moſt familiar manner with each other. The admirers of Amanda plainly perceived Clitander was the happy man. This changed their love into the deepeſt envy, and made them reſolve on the blackeſt revenge.

The warmth and impetuoſity of Morſonus correſponded to their deſign. Accuſtomed to arbitrary command, he was ſevere in his threatenings, and haſty in his determinations. By a malicious repreſentation of circumſtances, moſt of them falſe, they at once prejudiced him againſt Clitander. Amanda felt the firſt effects of his ungoverned paſſion; he charged her with the impropriety of her conduct, ſwore Clitan-

der ſhould never more enter his houſe, that he would have one interview with him, tell him his mind, and never ſpeak to him more. Her amazed and throbbing heart was diſtreſſed beyond the power of my pen to deſcribe, nor could ſhe reply.

Clitander, ignorant of all this, went out to the country to viſit Amanda as uſual. He found her in the parlour ſitting by her mother, with a copy of Young's Night Thoughts in her hand. Upon ſight of him ſhe burſt into tears. Confounded—he aſked the reaſon. Langa, as if ſhe had never known any thing of the matter, began to expoſtulate with Clitander, upon the foundation of thoſe ſtories that were handed about relative to her child and him; and concluded by repeating the reſolutions of her huſband. Of the generality of the things alledged, he offered to prove the falſeneſs, and with regard to the intended conduct of Morſonus, remarked, that it would ſpread the fame of it, and in the end be prejudicial to their daughter's character, to which Morſonus ought to have a principal regard, however keenly

keenly he might be irritated againſt himſelf. Conſider, madam, continued Clitander, that your daughter has not already eſcaped the infectious tinge of cenſure, I have been ever diſpoſed to hope without juſt grounds; but moral characters, as the individuals they belong to are weakeſt in infancy, the foundation of their future luſtre and influence are then laid, which if ill placed, will never ſupport the building. Let caution direct every ſcheme which would affect moral character, either in her or me, for mine is no leſs tender than hers, and I would rather chuſe to ſuffer, if one of us muſt, yet this is impoſſible, for our intereſts are inſeparable. To this Langa replied, It is what both her father and I judge improper, what we will never conſent to; and our pleaſure is, that for the future you ſhould ſeem and act as if unacquainted with each other. Struck at this ſpeech, ſo diametrically oppoſite to the part ſhe had hitherto acted, and ſubverſive of all ingenuity or integrity, he remained for ſome minutes in profound ſilence. Not ſo Amanda, who in a tone

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of voice peculiar to a labouring breaſt, and enough to have melted the moſt obdurate, much more a mother's feelings, immediately ſaid: No, madam!—that is too difficult a taſk, and what ſhall never be the caſe. She could no more, but gently dropt into Clitander's arms, who, from the commencement of this intereſting converſation, had been ſitting cloſe by her. After ſaying a number of things to ſupport the deſponding ſpirits of his now more than ever dear Amanda, for he was of that turn of mind which could not but ſympathiſe with the diſtreſs of another, and infinitely ſo when he knew himſelf to be the occaſion and object of it: Seeing Amanda overwhelmed with grief, and about to ſuffer, in all probability, ſtill more for him, was of itſelf ſufficient to obſcure all her foibles, and more than enough to attach him to her for ever, even ſuppoſing there had been no other obligation: I ſay, after ſolacing her in the beſt manner he then could, he reſumed the converſation with Langa, declared his ſurprize at her laſt ſentiments, and wiſhed to

know

know where the impropriety lay, provided that there was a love connection between them, the reality of which conſiſted with her own knowledge, ſo that her talking of it as a doubtful point greatly aſtoniſhed him. But, ſaid he, had I thought myſelf an improper match for your daughter, my own pride would have kept me from ever addreſſing her. But I flatter myſelf, added he, the world will not view it in that light, unleſs you who are the parents, take it in your heads to do ſo. As to Amanda's being ſo often ſeen in private with me, is that a fault? only by the rules of public decorum, which are founded upon general axioms.—And how far theſe take place here ought firſt to be aſcertained before the guilt is imputed. Then graſping Amanda by the hand, whoſe ſighs were reſponſive to his ſentences, and whoſe very charms received a luſtre from the trickling tear, in preſence of Langa, he entreated her to ſay what had been the ſubjects of diſcourſe in theſe walks and hours of retirement. He averred, that they had been dedicated to inſtruction as well as

love;

love; and appealed to her own conſcience, whether or not he had cautioned her againſt thoſe levities peculiar to youth, and endeavoured to inſpire her with a love of virtue and propriety; pointed out, by examples drawn from the circle of her own acquaintance, the inſtances in which many of them failed; obſerved the path they ſhould have taken for attaining perfection and unſullied fame; that the commendation of the judicious few was to be preferred to applauſe from an undiſtinguiſhed and undiſcerning throng; that too open an affability expoſed to danger, as much as too cloſe a reſerve created diſguſt; that an over-eaſy humility produced as bad conſequences as an overbearing pride; and that communicating what he deemed uſeful on theſe with ſuch like topics, divided the time with love. To this Amanda aſſented. Langa had the confidence to reply, That if ſhe had ſuſpected any ſuch matters were a going on, ſhe would have kept a ſtricter eye over them. The ſuſceptible Amanda could not endure longer. — She that moment retired to her own room.

room. Clitander, taking an abrupt leave of the mother, followed—in each other's arms they ſpeechleſs hung—till Clitander cried, Oh! what an unexpected viciſſitude! But, ſubjoined Amanda, it may increaſe—it ſhall not abate my love!

Almoſt diſtracted about this event, he knew not what courſe to purſue; having never revealed the intrigue to any of his friends, he could not aſk advice; he foreſaw the extremity to which the raſhneſs of Morſonus would puſh the affair, of courſe the abſolute neceſſity of falling upon ſome expedient to moderate the ſame. To declare the whole ſtate of the caſe, he knew would never do, eſpecially as there was no probability of bringing Morſonus to think prudently on the matter; and if his paſſion was improperly handled, he might do ſomething ſtill more embarraſſing to both of them. To evade this, yet in ſome ſhape compromiſe the matter, he firſt aſked an interview with Morſonus; at which his love of peace and concord carried him too far, and prompted him to give conceſſions to Morſonus to which he had

had not the ſmalleſt title, and which he afterwards repented that he had made. He could account for his ſimplicity in this reſpect no other way, than that he was, during this meeting, in ſuch anxiety and perturbation of mind, as rendered him quite inadvertent to many things he uttered. Allowance would have been made for this by any other father except Morſonus, who apprehending that Clitander afterwards broke what he then promiſed, uttered the moſt invidious ſpeeches againſt him. The truth was, that Clitander warmly refuted ſeveral of the ſuppoſed indelicacies of behaviour between Amanda and him, artfully concealed his real connection with her, but told him in general, that if perſevering diſpleaſed him, the moſt eligible way for his daughter's honour, to the conſervation of which he hoped his reſentment would bend, was to permit him to viſit at the houſe as uſual, that the retreat ſhould be gradual, which would prevent the noiſe an open rupture of ſo cloſe an intimacy would indiſputably occaſion, in a town where both parties were ſo

publicly

publicly known. Morfonus delivered his opinion of the whole, and convinced by arguments of that kind, complied.—So Clitander repeated his visits in the family.

PART II.

MORSONUS, no doubt, meant that Clitander's viſits at his houſe ſhould for the future be leſs frequent, and only as thoſe of a friend; on any other ſuppoſition he would never have admitted them. But a ſmall knowledge of the human heart would have informed him how chimerical upon the whole, and indeed in this caſe unreaſonable, that ſuppoſition was. For a man who is a ſincere friend to a woman to become her lover is natural; but to reduce a lover to a mere friend is next to an impoſſibility. Friendſhip, when ripened into love, muſt either continue ſo, or degenerate into averſion. A medium, if poſſible, is in this caſe rarely found.

Langa, finding a reconciliation had ſo far taken place between Clitander and her huſband, reſumed her former frankneſs, and, conſcious of the duplicity of her conduct, attempted to regain his confidence. With a great deal of exterior complaiſance ſhe received Clitander's firſt viſit after

after his interview with Morſonus; with an equal degree of reſerve did Clitander behave. The remembrance of what he had ſuffered the laſt time he ſaw her, owing to the ſeverity of her ſpeeches, being freſh in his mind, damped his ſpirits conſiderably. But he waited the ſentiments of Amanda upon the point, before he formed a deciſive judgment of the part ſhe had acted. However vigilant the father was, he had private interviews with Amanda; for love, when deep-rooted, amongſt ten thouſand obſtacles will find out its way. Likewiſe by means of her maid, whoſe intereſt he had ſecured, correſponded with her by letters. In ſome of hers, were the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of affection and fidelity; ſhe even endeavoured to comfort the unhappy Clitander, entreated he would keep up his ſpirits, and declared how fearful ſhe was leſt what had happened ſhould throw him into ſome diſtreſs, which would be doubly ſevere to her, becauſe in the preſent ſituation of affairs ſhe would not be permitted to come and ſee him. In one of theſe epiſtles ſhe fairly gave the lie

to her mother, who, the day ſhe remonſtrated with Clitander, appeared as if ſhe had been ignorant of the whole affair, and againſt it in every reſpect. This was ſuch an inſtance of diſſimulation as the yet faithful Amanda ſhuddered at, and diſpoſed her to embrace the firſt opportunity of re-aſſuring Clitander that her mother had poſitively approved of their loves, and that had ſhe not dreaded making the matter worſe, ſhe would have flatly contradicted her the very time ſhe ſpoke. Her own words upon the ſubject are,

" My Dear Huſband,

" By what you heard mamma ſay this " day, you may think I was not ſpeak- " ing truth when I told you ſhe approved " of our loves, but believe me it is truth; " but when ſhe heard papa againſt it, ſhe " is now turned worſe than him," &c.

Imagine the ſurprize of Clitander at this almoſt unparalleled perfidy of Langa, he knew her to be in many reſpects rude and unpoliſhed, but till now he had believed her honeſt, and of a good heart.

About this time Mercator the brother of Morſonus intereſted himſelf in the matter, entered not without ſome agitation into diſcourſe with Clitander upon the ſubject, mentioned his grief for what had happened between Morſonus and him, confeſſed that the world in general, and himſelf in particular, were at a loſs what conjecture to form—that from many circumſtances now brought to light, either there were vaſt improprieties in his and Amanda's behaviour—or there ſubſiſted between them a connection of a ſacred nature, though at preſent undivulged. He invited Clitander to Larkfield his country ſeat, where his family then was, with a view of having this enigma ſolved. Till this direful miſunderſtanding between Morſonus and Clitander aroſe, Mercator with his whole family had been peculiarly fond of Clitander—had ſhown him every poſſible mark of reſpect, and were ſtrongly attached to his intereſt. Truly concerned for him upon this occaſion, as likewiſe for their niece, whoſe acts of indiſcretion they ſaid had often pained them; they told

Clitander

Clitander the various ſtories that were rumoured relative to him and her. All parents wiſh to have their daughters in particular comfortably ſettled in life, and after they are of proper marriageable years think the ſooner the better, nor can, unleſs of a very diſintereſted temper, behold without uneaſineſs another younger riſing beauty perfectly throw a ſhade upon thoſe around, by attracting all public attention to herſelf. Mercator's family conſiſted of four daughters. Matilda, the eldeſt of which, now owing to the caprice of the times yielded in general eſtimation to her younger couſin Amanda. Mrs. Suſannah the ſpouſe of Mercator was of a lively ingenious turn, conſiderable diſcernment, and engaging manner: Of all which ſhe herſelf was compleatly ſenſible. To ſee then without emotion, her own children ſo much eclipſed, required more philoſophy to ſupport, than this lady poſſeſſed. She uſed to ſay that none who delighted in rational converſation or eſteemed mental qualities, could ever be entertained with Amanda's company, or would deign to be

her

her admirer. Mrs. Suſannah pretended a great concern for her niece, and yet was often diſcourſing of her foibles. In one ſenſe ſhe was not ſorry for the rumours that prevailed about Amanda, hoping they would be the means of ſinking her in public eſteem: while for Clitander ſhe really felt, becauſe her friendſhip for him had all the marks of ſincerity. Some people affirmed, that the attachment of this family to Clitander reſulted partly from their diſguſt at the parſon under whoſe religious juriſdiction they were. His character ſhall be drawn afterwards. And as I aſſure the reader, that it ſhall be conſiſtent with truth in the minuteſt circumſtance, I doubt not but that he will be as much diſguſted as Mercator. Be the motive what it would, Clitander held the place of a ſon in Mercator's family.

Notwithſtanding which, ſince the riſe of the reſentment of Morſonus, Clitander had kept at a diſtance, becauſe he knew Mercator, as to his mercantile affairs, depended on his brother, and from intereſt, not inclination, would be obliged to act in ſome

conformity to his ſentiments. Glad however at the above invitation, he delayed not to comply therewith—but a few days after—went, and dined with the family. Even at table ſurrounded with her daughters, Mrs. Suſannah introduced the ſtory—obſerved the various anecdotes that were handed about concerning his intrigue—remarked her own ſurprize at there ever being the leaſt foundation for theſe—and the anxiety ſhe felt for Clitander, in thinking that he ſhould be concerned in ſo delicate a point with her brother-in-law, who had been violent and head-ſtrong in every part of his conduct through life, and of ſuch invincible obſtinacy of temper, as that having once reſolved, it was impoſſible ever to perſuade him to the contrary. Between our families, continued ſhe, there is not that intimacy which might be expected among thoſe ſo nearly connected: the reaſon whereof is not any neglect or error, that we are ſenſible of on our part, but ariſes from peculiarity on theirs. Our manner of living indeed differs widely. We love our friends and are often with them,

them, or they with us at home: They avoid a numerous acquaintance, that they may be the leſs troubled with company, and thus by domeſtic parſimony add to their wealth. Our religious views likewiſe do not coincide, that is in a political ſenſe; for Morſonus was a powerful advocate for the ſettlement of the preſent incumbent; my huſband convinced that he was uſeful where he was, and unqualified for ſuch a charge as this, (meaning the pariſh to which ſhe belonged) almoſt with equal zeal oppoſed it.

Of the truth of theſe with ſuch like particulars, urged by Mrs. Suſannah, Clitander was fully ſenſible. In ſuch diſcourſe they had almoſt ſpent the afternoon, when Mercator propoſed a private walk to Clitander —who aſſented. Soon as they were got at a little diſtance from the houſe, Mercator after a ſilence of ſome minutes, which was equally obſerved by Clitander, appeared burthened with ſome very intereſting ſecret. Clitander, ſaid he, excuſe my freedom in communicating to you an exceeding ſtrange piece of intelligence—

which I lately received, and indulge me with the liberty of queſtioning you concerning the ſame. One of my brother's clerks called at my houſe the other day—converſation about Amanda and you enſued. He declared, that one night before his companion and him went to bed, they obſerved, by means of the reflection of the candle, the figure of a man in Amanda's bed chamber; that imagining it was a deception of their eyes—they looked for ſome time attentively, were more and more convinced of its reality—knowing her parents were in the country, they were quite alarmed, but reſolved to ſay nothing, till by a ſtricter watching they ſhould be more certain. To obtain which—next night after leaving the houſe, as if they had been going to bed, they placed themſelves in ſuch a ſituation, that none could come in or go out unleſs ſeen by them. Nor had they ſtood long in this poſture, when a man as like Clitander, as the darkneſs of the night would permit them to judge, went into the houſe—they heard the door bolted after him—ſaw a light directly come

into

into Amanda's bed chamber, which ſoon after was extinguiſhed. Upon this his companion propoſed confining them, as he chanced to have the key of an outward lock—then run with the information to his maſter—and who knows, ſaid he, how well we may be rewarded for the meritorious action. But that in oppoſition to this he replied: Let us be cautious, leſt meaning to oblige we ſhould offend: for if it be Clitander, as I ſtrongly ſuſpect it is—you know what a favourite he is in the family—how far Langa is acquainted with this matter we know not—inſtead of being rewarded, we may be turned away for meddling with affairs out of our province, wherefore I ſhall have no hand in it. Diſcouraged hereby, the other again unlocked the door, which in hopes his companion would have cordially joined with him, he had already locked—and both retired to reſt—confounded at what they had ſeen.

This detail of circumſtances, ſaid Mercator, the young man made at my table, in preſence of my whole family. Since

hearing it we have been much perplexed about our niece. That a man was in her bed chamber at theſe unſeaſonable hours, the two clerks are willing to depoſe, though they cannot as to the identity of the perſon. You or another it muſt have been. If another, what an abandoned wretch muſt ſhe be! If you, there muſt, as I remarked before, be ſome right unrevealed which makes it lawful, or it is an immorality. That it cannot be the latter of theſe, I preſume from my own knowledge of the goodneſs of Clitander's heart, and therefore have but one queſtion to aſk, Were you the man? Fixt like a ſtatue Clitander ſtood — a cold ſweat bedewed his whole body—trembling ſeized each nerve—he could ſcarce raiſe his eyes from the ground — his tongue faultered — he wiſhed to ſpeak---but was at a loſs what to ſay. Mercator perceiving his confuſion quickly ſubjoined: There is no occaſion for you to anſwer—the viſible effect of the ſtory upon you ſufficiently unriddles it. For the ſake of my niece, I am glad it was you.

But

But this is not all. That ſhe has been ſo condeſcending as often to come to your lodgings, when it was inconvenient for you to go to her's, is alſo atteſted by other evidence of an equally indiſputable nature. When ſhe uſed to be out on an afternoon viſit, ſcarce were the tea things removed, when by pretending the neceſſity of ſeveral calls ſhe had to make, ſhe uſed abruptly to leave the companies ſhe was engaged with. This being almoſt continually the caſe wherever ſhe came; it made her companions ſuſpect ſome private cauſe. Two gentlemen of your own acquaintance, continued Mercator, took the trouble one evening to follow her—ſtraight to your lodgings ſhe went, where ſhe ſtaid about two hours. Many ſuch diſcoveries have been made. And even in your moſt ſequeſtered walks, eyes have been upon you, of which you were not aware. Now the ſolution of all theſe articles depends much upon you. My brother, it is true, is hard to deal with, and apt to be vaſtly unreaſonable—what to adviſe you I know not; but ſomething ſatisfying to the world

ſhould be done, to prevent both of you ſuffering in its eſtimation.

Loſt in meditation on the various circumſtances he had learned, Clitander returned home. The above particulars being divulged quite diſconcerted him: And how to act in conſequence thereof was equally difficult. To inform Amanda of the whole, and know her mind, he deemed requiſite; but how to obtain an interview ſuited to this purpoſe was another puzzling queſtion. Three young ladies, milleners, lived directly oppoſite to his lodgings, who were alert in finding out the various intrigues among the faſhionable people in town, and equally active in divulging them. Theſe he ſuſpected for the ſpies, who had ſo narrowly watched poor Amanda. When the young pair were ſolacing themſelves with love---thinking no evil---little did they imagine that their neighbours were computing the time. It would have been wrong to have purſued this tract longer. Where to meet next was the queſtion?

Among his numerous acquaintance, there was a captain's lady, whoſe huſband

was the moſt part abroad. Along with her and her agreeable daughters, Clitander often ſpent the Sunday evening. Mrs. Boſtonia herſelf had gone through a very remarkable ſcene of trial, previous to her marriage with the friendly, the polite, and well bred captain Boſtonius; with whom ſhe has been compleatly happy, and as he has now ſettled at home, their family is a picture of the moſt perfect elegance and harmony, and their life of the higheſt joys which Hymen can afford. At the time I ſpeak of he was in the iſland of Barbadoes, finiſhing his mercantile concerns there. Mrs. Boſtonia being a lady of ſingular goodneſs, uncommon prudence, and delicate feelings, to her Clitander told his mournful tale. She heard him with pity, felt for him ſincerely---and from experience adviſed him. Owned that an interview was requiſite---and upon hearing him lay open the difficulties attending it, at his earneſt intreaty conſented that her houſe ſhould be the appointed place. Mrs. Boſtonia's principal difficulties were to diſpoſe of her daughters, ſo as that they ſhould

be ignorant of it, and prevent either occaſional or formal viſits for that afternoon; this was no eaſy matter, for ſhe kept a great deal of company. Morſonus having gone to Clutha upon buſineſs, Clitander improved the precious ſeaſon—conveyed a letter to Amanda, informing her he had got Mrs. Boſtonia in their intereſt, and that he expected ſhe would meet him that evening at her houſe. Amanda came—was tenderly received by Mrs. Boſtonia, who gave her many ſalutary precepts about her behaviour on the preſent diſtreſſing emergency. After drinking tea with the young couple, rather ſooner than uſual, ſhe went out, partly to leave them to themſelves, and partly that ſhe might overtake the uſual hour of tea in ſome other family, becauſe ſhe had upon this pretence refuſed ſome viſits which were intended to her that day.

Being thus left alone, Clitander related to Amanda all he had heard at her uncle Mercator's: And ſeemed anxious for her opinion of the affair as it now ſtood, reckoning the preſent, the fitteſt opportunity

tunity of concerting thoſe meaſures, which the real intereſt of both required. Amanda replied, that ſhe hoped her father would cool by degrees, when he might be more eaſily gained; that at preſent every perſon was pretending to give him this or the other piece of intelligence, which would keep him from liſtening to an accommodation. That her mother repented of the harſhneſs wherewith ſhe had uſed him--thought the ſtorm would blow over by degrees--and that in the mean time they ſhould let each other know by letters whatever might be proper. This ſhe foreſaw to be a dangerous experiment, for, ſaid ſhe, if any of our letters are intercepted, conſidering their ſtyle and ſentiment, every thing ſhall be brought to light, and my father will be more enraged than ever. To this ſcheme however Clitander agreed, and for ſecurity deſired, that ſhe would order her maid to carry her letters to Mrs. Boſtonia's maid, to whom he would give his, and that the two maids might exchange them without the leaſt ſuſpicion.

This accordingly took place, though Amanda was ſo cloſely watched by her parents, that ſome of theſe letters ſhe wrote at 12 o'clock at night when in her bed chamber; yet confinement, and the reſtraint of a cruel father only added, if an addition could be, to her paſſion. Witneſs the ſentiments ſhe on theſe occaſions wrote. "O my Dear, it is hard that "when our hearts are joined together, that "parents muſt force us from each other; "yet all they can do or ſay only increaſeth "my love for you---for conſtant I will "be to my deareſt jewel, and true to my "God likewiſe, for I cannot be the one "without the other." But as all the letters, which the maid ſervants above ſpecified were the bearers of, are juſt now ſpread before me, I ſhall indulge the reader with one of them entire: part of which hath been inſerted already.

"My deareſt Huſband,

"I received your dear kind letter with "pleaſure. Think not my dear that though "parents force us aſunder, that ever I "will be falſe or inconſtant to you, the

"only

" only man I love or ever can love. You,
" I with ſincerity love; and to you I will
" be conſtant and true. Parents may uſe
" their endeavours to make me break my
" vows and engagements with you, but
" all they can do will avail nothing, for
" never never ſhall they be broke by me,
" nor I hope by you. And my Dear,
" think not, though we are obliged to be
" ſeparate, that that will cool my love for
" you, or ever make me forget the dear
" object of all my wiſhes, for indeed you
" are ſo, and ever ſhall. My dear, you
" muſt forget my mother's cruel ſpeeches
" laſt day you was up, for indeed I muſt
" own they were cruel and hard to be born
" with. It was with difficulty I could
" command my tongue that day, but I
" was afraid of making it worſe inſtead of
" better. O my Dear, I beg you take as
" little thought about it as poſſible, for all
" I am afraid of is, that it may throw you
" into trouble, and that ſhould be worſe
" for me than any thing that could happen,
" Write me when convenient. I am

" Your ever affectionate Wife,

" R—— T——"

Such the warm, though as to correctneſs or elegance faulty epiſtles which Amanda wrote, and ſimple Nature ſeems to have dictated.

But one fatal day, as if Clitander's ſufferings were but beginning, Amanda happened to call at Mrs. Boſtonia's; he, not knowing ſhe was there, entered the houſe directly after. Both were perceived by an aunt of Amanda's, whoſe name or character would ſully my paper, being even beneath the dignity of ſatire. She was remarkable for nothing except creating quarrels, and that for the moſt part among thoſe nearly connected with her. She haſted to inform Morſonus of what had happened. —He concluded the meeting had been by deſign—grew more incenſed than ever—if reports were true, maltreated his daughter; and inſiſted ſhe ſhould finally drop Clitander. Perſuaſion and reaſon may, but violence and perſecution will never deſtroy the paſſion of Love. Like one in whoſe breaſt Virtue ſtill reigned, ſhe owned ſhe could not. On this ſhe was obliged to confeſs that the moſt ſolemn obligation was between

between them. At her unfeeling father's ſtern command, ſhe wrote theſe lines to Clitander, which, inſtead of coming thro' the wonted channel, were brought to his lodgings by one of her father's clerks, and run thus:

"Sir,

"As there is a paper ſigned by me in "your poſſeſſion, in which I am deeply "intereſted, I have to require that you "will ſend the ſame by the bearer, which "will oblige, Sir, your humble ſervant,

"R—— M——."

From the language, from the different ſubſcription, and the bearer of this letter, he at once concluded her father had ſeen it, if not dictated it; and could not avoid being ſurprized at the weakneſs of Morſonus, who thought thus eaſily to circumvent Clitander, and extract from him a paper of ſo much importance, on the validity of which his own character ſo much depended. Had Morſonus got this paper into his poſſeſſion, being a ſtranger to the ſtyle of the letters, and to ſeveral other things that had taken place, he meant by

thus

thus robbing Clitander of a principal, but what he ſuppoſed his only defence, to attack the conſtancy of his daughter, which if he broke, then Clitander, in a legal ſenſe, was wholly in his power. But herein he met with a grievous diſappointment; for the firſt reading of the above letter pointed out its intention, which being perceived, determined Clitander not to ſend the paper, yet to reply in ſuch a manner, as ſuppoſed its exiſtence, without expreſsly ſaying in whoſe poſſeſſion it was.

All intercourſe being now broke off between Morſonus, Amanda, and Clitander, they only heard of each other by the voice of Fame, which conveyed only what tended to widen the breach. How deſpicable is Pride, eſpecially when unſupported by any tolerable pretext!

Pride, of all others the moſt dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of ſenſe, or want of thought.
ROSCOMMON.

If ſo, what an odious character is a tyrannical father? Nature intends and ſuppoſes a father to be the beſt and moſt careful guardian of a child's reputation and virtue. What a heinous tranſgreſſor

then

then of thoſe ſacred laws muſt the unnatural parent be, who ſacrifices the reputation of a daughter to his pride, and her virtue to his reſentment? He who does ſo, can ſurely never have the impudence to claim the endearing, the more than expreſſive appellation. The very idea of father, implies the ſofteſt indulgence, and readineſs to forgive, at leaſt upon confeſſion, a fault in his child which cannot be amended. What opinion then muſt the unprejudiced reader entertain of Morſonus? who, rather than ſuppreſs his intended revenge againſt Clitander, for having proceeded ſo far without aſking his conſent, (nor did he pretend to aſſign any other reaſon) would inſolently ſport with the moſt ſacred concerns of his own daughter. Morſonus and Clitander, once ſo gracious, now paſſed each other without deigning to ſpeak.—A wonderful alteration! Only of Morſonus it might be ſaid,

His troubled looks reveal'd his inward wound,
And ſtorms of fury on his forehead frown'd,
Enormous rage diſtended ev'ry vein,
And all Hell's furies o'er his breaſt did reign:
Swol'n with revenge, his blood-ſhot eyes did glare,
Like ruddy meteors blazing in the air. BLACK.

Such

Such conduct was obſerved by every one, and exactly correſponded to the prophecy of Clitander; ſince as ſoon as publiſhed, Amanda's former ſlips were repeated with double keenneſs. The wiſer ſort of people were amazed at the fooliſh conduct of Morſonus—wondered what he intended. As he was not ignorant of the reports confidently aſſerted about the intimacy between Clitander and his daughter, they imagined the wiſeſt ſtep would be to have their private relation publicly acknowledged as ſoon as poſſible, ſince what had already tranſpired was ſufficient to marr her felicity with any other match whatever. But it was more than probable any decent match might not ſoon occur, after what had been rumoured abroad. Some indigent fellow, from a love of money, might offer himſelf; as his regard for her could ſcarce be ſincere, ſhe could only have the proſpect of leading a very indifferent kind of life; and her fortune being but ſmall, the temptation was leſs. Indeed if the ſucceſs of Morſonus continues equal to what it has been for ſome years paſt, as he

he is yet a young man comparatively ſpeaking, it is hard to ſay what her fortune may be. At the time when all this buſtle happened, the family of Morſonus conſiſted of five daughters, nor was it imagined by thoſe who pretended to know his affairs, that he could give each of them above a thouſand pounds; a portion in theſe days too deſpicable to be an equivalent for the loſs of character in the eyes of any man of ſpirit, or tolerable underſtanding. Upon laying theſe things together and duly conſidering them, each thinking perſon ſtood amazed at the abſurd behaviour of the headſtrong Morſonus. Had he been a nobleman, and his daughter worth twenty thouſand pounds, and Clitander a coachman or a valet de chambre, more noiſe concerning the match could not have been made, or greater diſturbance raiſed than was in this affair. Herein no ſmall part of the ridicule conſiſts. Nay, if this turbulent captain Morſonus, had been poſſeſſed of ſenſe or moderation enough to have copied ſuperior examples, he might have learned to act with propriety,

priety, by reflecting how coolly many of the firſt rank and fortune have behaved in ſimilar circumſtances. But a blind man will as eaſily diſtinguiſh colours, as he that is a ſtranger to himſelf diſcern his own foibles, or the fitneſs of moral actions.

Morſonus loudly complained of the injury done him, viewed the engagements of the lovers like blaſphemy againſt the Holy Ghoſt, as of an unpardonable nature, and wiſhed to be revenged on Clitander. Few characters are more obvious in life than that of buſy-bodies, who being to the laſt degree inquiſitive, wiſh to have a part in every private concern. Some, from a love of talking, rather than want ſomething to ſay, will invent it.---Others, from pique or prejudice, rejoice in defamation. Such had now free ſcope given them. In every company, this curious intrigue furniſhed converſation; each pretended to have ſomething particular to tell about it, or to rehearſe what Morſonus deſigned to do; what Amanda had ſaid to this or the other companion; or what Clitander had divulged in this or the other company. To extract

tract ſecrets from them, it was alledged to each, that the one had ſpoken ſomething injurious of the other. Theſe inſinuations being artfully urged, were, alas! but too ſucceſsful. For no jealouſy burns fiercer, than that which ariſes after the moſt reciprocal and undiſſembled paſſion.

The barbarous father perceiving Clitander's ſtrong defence, while he had the obligation already mentioned, and ſo many letters in his cuſtody, with the impoſſibility of perſuading him to give up theſe, bethought himſelf of another expedient, namely, to ſtagger the fidelity, and weaken the attachment of his daughter: a contrivance which never would have found admiſſion in the heart of a parent, who did not totally diveſt himſelf of any regard for the preſent peace, or future happineſs of his child: whereas the language of this unnatural man's dark and gloomy ſoul was: "Be it mine to counteract whatever hath "taken place between Clitander and my "daughter, however ſacred the nature "thereof. I will work upon her hopes "and fears ſo, as ſhall influence her to

"retract,

" retract, provided that by this retractation " I may darken the character of Clitander, " and affect his real intereſt, even if it " ſhould be at the expence of my daugh- " ter's virtue, and leave an indelible re- " proach on my family." O ſtrange! the reader will exclaim. Could a parent meditate ſuch things! I appeal to his actions, they demonſtrate that he could.

Some of his particular friends afterwards confeſſed to Clitander, that he hired incendiaries to go into Clitander's company, aſſume the maſk of friendſhip---pretend condolance with his caſe---purſue converſation on the ſubject---and report to him what they could learn. What theſe could not gain, they added, leſt they ſhould ſeem uſeleſs in this employ, which being doubly refined in the alembic of the temper of Morſonus, and cautiouſly preſented to Amanda, upon whoſe flexible mind they began to operate, in part produced the end intended. And this the more, becauſe ſhe was deprived of intercourſe with Clitander, one hour of whoſe company would have ſubverted all ſchemes of her father,

cunning

cunning as he was. This Morſonus vaſtly dreaded, and therefore to prevent it, ſent Amanda into the country upon a viſit.

Soft Love's ſpontaneous tree its parted root,
Muſt from two hearts with equal vigour ſhoot,
Whilſt each delighted, and delighting gives
The pleaſing extaſy which each receives.
Cheriſh'd with hope, and fed with joy it grows,
Its chearful buds their opening bloom diſcloſe,
And round the happy ſoil diffuſive odour flows.
If angry fate, that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due ſupplies,
Wild with deſpair, or ſick with grief it dies.

PRIOR.

How ſtriking a picture of Amanda are the ſentiments theſe ſoft lines convey?

Such a ſecret was the above viſit to her country friends kept, that a conſiderable time elapſed before it was known where ſhe was. Moddius, mentioned before as one of her admirers, had eſcorted her out of town, and the public voice was that they were gone to be married.

Fame the looſe breathings of a clamorous croud,
Ever in lies moſt confident and loud.

ROCH. VALENT.

An

An alteration in her affections Clitander dreaded would be wrought by the artifice of Morſonus, but could not believe had been already accompliſhed. The torrent of love had been ſo ſtrong in her breaſt, that he knew from the nature of human paſſions, it would be a work of great labour and conſiderable time to divert the ſame. Indeed he doubted not her attendant's readineſs to comply with ſuch a ſcheme—a few hundred pounds being ſufficient to render him equally contented with palatable fragments, as if he had been admitted to the firſt courſe.

About this time Amicus, a companion of Clitander's, whoſe age was pretty equal to his own, and their acquaintance from their infancy, came to viſit him. Every year of their lives had heightened their eſteem for each other, till they came to have only one mind---one ſoul.

A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows,
One ſhould our intereſts and our paſſions be,
My friend muſt hate the man that injures me.

POPE.

Such

Such a one was the ingenious Amicus, whoſe inviolable friendſhip deſerves the greateſt encomiums, and whoſe animated exertions of it in the preſent caſe, it is hoped ſhall meet with eternal rewards. Upon being informed of all the particulars in this curious ſtory, he counſelled Clitander to write a letter to Amanda, exculpating himſelf from the articles, it had been told her, which he had ſaid amiſs of her; and aſking an explanation of theſe ſpeeches that had been conveyed to him as coming from her; which letter, though a ſtranger to her, and the family where ſhe ſtaid, he undertook ſafely to deliver, and from her own lips, if not pen, bring back an anſwer. Amicus was angry that Clitander gave himſelf ſo much uneaſineſs; for, ſaid he, if ſhe can ever prove falſe after what has been tranſacted, you are a happy man, who hath ſo ſoon got diſengaged from ſuch a ſtrange woman. Does your peace of mind ſtand upon ſuch a ſlight foundation as that an inconſtant girl ſhall deſtroy it? Where is your wonted ſpirit? Your being caſt down and diſ-

conſolate is the only ground of her father's ignoble triumph. You know his intolerable pride.—In proportion to your hearty contempt of him, you will humble him.—Boldly ſet him at defiance, and he will attempt nothing againſt you. Totally diſregard what he ſays, and you ſhall effectually ſilence him.—Rouzed by theſe ſolid advices, Clitander reſumed his uſual vivacity, at leaſt while Amicus ſtaid with him —at his departure accompanied him to the port of Clutha, where captain Symbus with his ſhip then lay. This gentleman, a friend to both, having been brought up along with them, with gladneſs received, and politely entertained them. So happy was this triumvirate at meeting together, ſo ſocial, lively, and free their humour, that the reſt of the company, whom they had invited to be of the party, acknowledged that they never had ſpent a more agreeable evening. Nor was the main point forgot, ſince while Amicus took the captain aſide to narrate the intrigue, and his own intended expedition to Amanda, Clitander wrote the letter he was to carry:

And

And added a poſtſcript, telling her that the bearer was his moſt intimate friend.

Early next morning, Amicus, full of the warmeſt zeal to ſerve the cauſe of Virtue in diſtreſs, and impeached fidelity, ſet out on his journey. It being in ſummer, by 7 o'clock in the morning he reached the houſe, converſed with the miſtreſs of the family till the young ladies came down ſtairs—ſeeing three of them together, enquired which was Miſs R—— M——. She was pointed out—he made up to her —ſaid he had ſomething to communicate—took her aſide, upon a private walk, and offered her the letter, which ſhe begged him to read, that ſhe might thereby keep a promiſe made to her father, of receiving no letters from Clitander. As it is the only one of his letters upon this ill choſen ſubject, which I have in my poſſeſſion, I ſhall here faithfully inſert it, and ſure I am, it pains me more than any reader, that it is not in my power to inſert the whole.

" My deareſt Amanda,

" I dare ſay you will be ſurprized at my " thus troubling you in your rural retire-

" ment, to which your retreat was ſo ſud-
" den and well concealed, that but lately
" I knew where you was. The time has
" been when your reſolutions were ſooner
" intimated to me. Perhaps you may
" imagine this a breach of the promiſe
" I made to your father, whereas indeed
" it is not; becauſe this is a vindication
" of myſelf from thoſe falſe aſperſions,
" wherewith the malicious world have
" loaded me, and you too eaſily believed.
" Indeed that promiſe which your father
" ſays I made, is the moſt raſh my lips
" ever uttered—what I ſincerely repent of
" —and what, when maturely conſidered,
" appears better broke than kept, ſince it
" was a promiſe which he had no right to
" demand—which was perfectly incon-
" ſiſtent with juſtice to you for me to
" make, and which has already been
" broke by us both, in thoſe few letters
" which have paſſed betwixt us ſince the
" origin of your father's paſſion. Surely
" every man has a right to ſpeak for him-
" ſelf, and to complain when he thinks
" himſelf hardly dealt with. You are

" ſenſible

" ſenſible I have not troubled you either
" by word or writing this long time, tho'
" perhaps it had been both for your in-
" tereſt and mine, that I had, as it would
" have prevented a great deal of thoſe
" miſrepreſentations which have taken
" place. Grant I had not the pleaſure of
" ſeeing you; I heard of the declarations
" which you lately made in more places
" than one. It is true, you deſired one of
" the ladies to whom you ſpoke, to tell
" me of it. She did ſo: And my deareſt
" R——, only figure to yourſelf how much
" I was ſtruck thereat. My God knows
" how much I felt in thinking what you
" ſuffered on my account, but the con-
" cluſion appears ſtrange. You deſired
" that lady to tell me your affections were
" altered—O how unlike the language of
" our ſofter hours! Do as you pleaſe—
" only why ſo cruel, as place to my ac-
" count what is due to your own, by
" alledging the cauſe of this to be my
" ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of you, which,
" I hereby deny I ever did to any perſon
" in my life. No!—All your father has

" ſaid againſt me ſhall never make me
" forget what I have ſaid to you. A prin-
" ciple ſtronger than a father's threats
" binds me, and ſhall influence my con-
" duct. Had you ſaid it was your father's
" deſire, you ſhould ſpeak ſo—why not?
" ſtill it was neither wiſe nor prudent to
" ſay as you then did, that there were
" both a contract and letters, but that
" you ſet them and me at defiance. My
" dear R------, if you mean to act contrary
" to every thing you have ſaid or done,
" you ought never to mention theſe.
" Imagine not they ſhall ever be uſed
" againſt you, unleſs it be in my own
" defence, and to make it appear to the
" world that I am not the perſon your
" father has repreſented me. No doubt
" if he proceeds as I have been told he
" intends, there will be a neceſſity for this.
" And I have more credit to place in you,
" than to imagine that you will retract
" what you have wrote, or deny what you
" have ſaid or done. It is hard to be
" blamed both by your father and you,
" while I have in my poſſeſſion, what,

" when

" when known, will fully clear me in the
" eyes of the world. Once I thought
" you never would have ſaid or done any
" thing to my diſadvantage: but alas! I
" find I have been deceived. You like-
" wiſe ſaid that it was me and my friends
" who ſpread the ſtory of your father's
" uſing you ill.---I ſolemnly declare the
" contrary.--- You regretted what your
" character has ſuffered, and ſeemed to
" impute that to me. Pray tell me in
" what reſpects? That your character
" has ſuffered, I well know---Have not I
" done every thing to ſave it, and been
" hindered from doing more by your own
" want of reſolution. Allow you are a
" different perſon from what I once knew
" you to be, yet ſurely it is not wiſe in
" you to ſpeak the change, even to your
" moſt intimate friend. I muſt feel at any
" rate, but believe me I feel moſt, when
" I read over your endearing letters,
" wherein you addreſs me as your only
" friend for life, and ſubſcribe yourſelf
" the partner of my joys and woes.
" What---and all theſe together with every

" other ſolemn declaration forgot? Since
" your parents commanded it, you was
" right to attempt a compliance, how far
" God and your conſcience permits that---
" think you---Yes I ſay, think in time,
" and you will in ſome part of your life
" thank me, for giving you this warning.
" Had all this tumult happened before
" the eighth of January laſt, I could have
" eaſily born it. But though I was raſh
" on that day, and on or about the 22d
" of March, yet I ſhall never add a crime
" thereto. If there is to be perjury in the
" caſe it ſhall never lay at my door.
" Much more I could ſay was you to hear
" patiently, but alas! theſe happy days
" when my dear R—— was kind, con-
" ſtant, and true, I fear are no more.
" Still have not I a little to be heard by
" you? Once more exerciſe that compli-
" ance with which you formerly bleſt me,
" in letting me know the real ſtate of your
" mind. Hoping I have ſufficiently vin-
" dicated myſelf, I will conclude this,
" perhaps to you, tedious letter, by aſſert-
" ing

" ing my right ſo far as to ſubſcribe my-
" ſelf,

" Your———

Auguſt 11th, 1771. " Clitander."

" P. S. The bearer is a well tried
" friend, to whom you may ſafely give
" your anſwer."

Though ſhe had refuſed to break open the ſeal, yet ſhe not only was all attention while Amicus read, but leaning ſoftly on his arm, read as faſt as he, and beſides the deepeſt ſighs, often poured forth a flood of tears at particular ſentences. The material parts of the whole tranſaction are hinted at in the letter—ſhe owned the truth of them—bemoaned their mutual ſufferings—ſtill recommended ſecreſy to Clitander—and profeſſed the ſame warmth of affection ſhe had ever done. She ſeemed pleaſed with this interview, with one ſo much in Clitander's intereſt as Amicus, nor would part with him, till ſhe had introduced him to the family, with whom he breakfaſted.

Back to Clitander, Amicus haſted, who devoured each ſyllable of the news, and

aſſured him that his fears were vain, for that Amanda, notwithſtanding her ſufferings, was yet unſhaken, and would probably continue ſo unto the end.

The behaviour of Morſonus and Clitander appeared extremely improper in the public eye—both were blamed for keeping at ſuch a diſtance from each other. It was ſaid, If you are to be foes, why do you not appeal for redreſs to the laws of the country? Are you to be friends? then the ſooner you are reconciled the better: for as this matter is now almoſt univerſally talked of, the world will take ſtrange liberties till there is ſome final deciſion, and the characters of all concerned muſt ſuffer, till the affair in all its circumſtances be divulged, after which, the blame will fall on the blame-worthy alone. The truth of theſe obſervations both perceived, but pride would allow neither to yield—the ſpirit of Clitander, naturally high, was by ill uſage irritated—love had hitherto kept it in ſubjection, yet though he may meant to approve himſelf a faithful lover, he ſcorned the thought of ſinking into

puſila-

puſilanimity. Even admitting he had taken many liberties with his daughter, whoſe paſſion was equal to his own, yet ſince he was willing to act in conſiſtency with theſe, the injury done Morſonus appeared to be ſlight, and the fault on his own ſide to be of a very venial kind. He wiſhed for an accommodation, but was determined not to obtain it by making unreaſonable conceſſions. His friends, who well knew that he had the obligation ſigned by Amanda, with a multitude of the warmeſt letters corroborating that obligation or contract, entreated him to expoſe theſe to public view, which would ſatisfy the world, as to the foundation of the intrigue, and free himſelf from the imputation of indecency in the management of it. By complying, he would have ſaved himſelf from much cenſure, but he reckoned obedience to Amanda's requeſt preferable to his own quiet. She to Amicus had mentioned her averſion to an open declaration; this was enough to make him act accordingly.

However ſome time after, at the deſire of mutual friends, Morſonus and Clitander

der had another interview. It was agreed that this alſo ſhould be without witneſſes. Another reconciliation was patched up between them, though upon as flimſy foundations as the former, ſince no direct diſcovery was made. Morſonus being naturally acute and penetrating, propoſed ſome very intricate queſtions; but Clitander more than his match expreſſed himſelf in ambiguous replies. The father urged, that he could prove by credible witneſſes the time, the place, and company in preſence of whom, Clitander frankly acknowledged that he was married to Amanda: on the other hand, that he could with equal eaſe, prove where he had poſitively denied his being married to Amanda: wherefore he wiſhed to know which of them was true, or how ſuch ſeeming contradictions to truth and honour might be reconciled. Clitander aſſured him that in any thing he had ever ſaid upon the ſubject he had been uniform, and conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt veracity, but at the ſame time admitted the probability of his proving both parts of the allegation. Morſonus replied—That

is all a myſtery to me. Clitander did not explain it to him. But leſt ſome of my readers ſhould alſo think it a myſtery, to them I will explain it.

Marriage is not more a mutual than a civil compact. It is a conjunction of intereſts, and ſuppoſes an union of minds, which implies the conſent of parties. This being its eſſence, it is ſo far immutably the ſame among all civilized nations. The good of ſociety requires that there be eſtabliſhed modes of entering into this relation. But theſe things being arbitrary, every ſociety may, and doth preſcribe them for its reſpective members. Hence every nation varies in the ceremony of marriage, and in chriſtian countries, where it is further conſidered as a divine inſtitution, every eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment hath adopted that form of the ſame, which the laws of the ſtate demand, or which it tacitly permits. In Caledonia the form of marriage is quite ſimple; after thrice aſking, or a licence bought, the clergyman, upon the parties, preſenting themſelves, (no matter where) perhaps in his own ſtudy,

ſtudy, provided there be two witneſſes, aſks their acceptance of each other, which the woman notifies by a curtſey, the man by a bow; then he proclaims them married perſons. But the Caledonian law ſays, "Conſenſus facit matrimonium," without the leave of parents, tutors, or guardians, unleſs the perſon or parties be ideots, or under the years of puberty, which are fourteen in a female, and fifteen in a male. Acknowledgment before witneſſes, or being ſeen in bed by witneſſes, is alſo held as a ſufficient cauſe for a proſecution of adherence againſt either party, before the juridical courts of that kingdom. In this caſe then, Clitander, who all along went upon the principles of honour and equity, might very well ſay he was married, becauſe it would never enter his head that Amanda would draw back. But as he had never been aſked in church, had bought no licence, nor ever appeared before a clergyman, or mutually with Amanda made any declaration before any proper court, might he not, in a legal ſenſe, with the ſame propriety affirm that

he

he was not married. This point I was willing to clear up, becauſe it was that with which Morſonus ſo much calumniated Clitander, namely, that he firſt owned, then denied the fact.

Another topic which the father urged in this interview was, that he wiſhed to know preciſely what lengths the intimacy had come between him and his daughter. Clitander told him that his daughter was the propereſt perſon to aſk that queſtion of, and hinted that the examination of his own family would throw conſiderable light upon that point. The diſcourſe then turned upon thoſe who had chiefly buſied themſelves in the matter, particularly his brother, Mercator, with his family. He ſuſpected both the prudence and ingenuouſneſs of Mrs. Suſannah, whom he conceived to be one of the bittereſt foes of his poor child, elſe, ſaid he, ſhe would never have acted the part ſhe has done on the preſent occaſion. Inſtead of concealing, ſhe has been at the greateſt pains to inform every gueſt at her table of it, and in ſuch a manner as was far from being to the ad-

vantage

vantage of her niece. Several who there heard the ſtory for the firſt time, have given me this information, and I have even learned that ſhe adviſed her own daughters to keep at a diſtance from their couſin, as her character was under a cloud. Is this, ſaid Morſonus, with an uncommon emphaſis, the office of a friend? Does this look like feeling for the misfortunes of a relation? Is it not rather rejoicing in them and adding to their weight?—From you, Clitander, continued he, my brother endeavoured to extract what he could, no doubt, under the pretence of being your friend, though I apprehend all of them have ſcarce been ſincere upon the whole.

Clitander to all this only replied, that he had received many favours from Mercator, and ſhould be ſorry the obligation became leſs binding, by any ſiniſter acts in an affair wherein he was ſo much concerned: that as for Mrs. Suſannah, he had only once converſed with her upon the point, and declared himſelf perfectly ignorant of the method in which ſhe diſcourſed of it to others.

Thus

Thus paſſed the evening—they parted friends—though for what reaſon more than before, is difficult to ſay. This was the only ſtep Clitander afterwards repented. I have heard him ſince often wiſh he had candidly told the whole, and run the riſque of the father's greateſt diſpleaſure. The worſt he could have done was to have refuſed his daughter a portion, the loſs of which was a trifle to what he afterwards ſuffered. People laughed at this reconciliation, becauſe it had no ſolid bottom, the intrigue being neither ended nor mended; and blamed them both for not being more explicit. Clitander blamed himſelf exceedingly—yet his, in ſome reſpects, dependent ſituation—his high ſpirit—knowledge of the ferocity of the temper of Morſonus—and, above all, the will of Amanda determined him to the contrary. Admit that private conſiderations ought to give way to public utility, yet in all love matters this maxim rarely takes place. Many things might be pleaded in behalf of Clitander, which

thoſe

thoſe readers who are diſpoſed to the charitable ſide can eaſily figure to themſelves.

Subſequent to this, Clitander again viſited at the houſe of Morſonus, though the former deceit and ſubtilty of Langa, made him look upon her with abhorrence. In the private moments he got with Amanda, ſhe ſeemed inclined to the continuance of the already formed relation, but the ardour of her affection he obſerved was conſiderably abated; and her vivacity had undergone a conſiderable change: which will not appear very ſtrange, if to what ſhe had perſonally ſuffered, be added, the contempt and neglect of her former gallants and companions, along with the threats of a ſevere father.

Only ſuppoſe a young lady adored by every youthful ſwain—the pride of the county where ſhe lived—the envy, yet pattern of every other beauty—now forſaken by her admirers—ſhunned at public places—pitied by her acquaintance, and ſhewn as a beacon by ſage mothers to their riſing daughters, to warn them againſt the ſinking ſands of a love intrigue. Sands,

it

it is true, on which thouſands that at ſetting out, bade fair for entering with flying colours the haven of eſteem and honour, have foundered and been heard of no more. Few kinds of diſtreſs merit more compaſſion than theſe, while, at the ſame time, few have a leſs ſhare thereof. No doubt the ſufferers being ſo peculiarly the cauſe of their own misfortunes, is what much weakens the force of ſympathy, and in a great meaſure reſtrains the diſpoſition to relieve them. After all, when there has been no immorality in the caſe; that is, when the calamities which oppreſs the individuals, reſult entirely from an exceſſive fondneſs, or raſh formed relation between two ſingle perſons, ought not the aids of pity and benevolence directly to be given? On this ſuppoſition the injury done is repairable—in the caſe of adultery it is not. This widely alters the nature of the crime, in ſtrict proportion to which the puniſhment ſhould be. If to do to others, as we wiſh to be done by or to, be the golden rule of practice; and if to underſtand the extent and force thereof, it be requiſite that we

place

place ourſelves by hypotheſis in their ſtate of whom we judge, then what breaſt is there that would not ſooner forget an imprudent ſtep in his daughter, than a falſe one in his wife? And is not he as much to be condemned who obſtinately refuſes to forgive the former, as the man who could too eaſily, if ever, be reconciled to the latter. From all which I infer, that Clitander's ſufferings were far ſuperior to his fault, which beauty was the occaſion of, which youth committed, and which wiſdom and age ought to have excuſed.

But to return to Amanda, upon whom the ſcorn and reproaches of the world, with the devices of a parent, had ſo far operated, that while ſhe complained grievouſly hereof, ſhe told Clitander at what a diſtance every one kept from her, and faintly added, ſhe wiſhed ſhe had never ſeen him. Good God! cried the amazed Clitander! has it not been at your deſire I have kept the matter ſecret? you are not ignorant of what I have ſuffered by adhering ſo tenaciouſly to your injunctions!— Have I not ſacrificed my own intereſt,

almoſt

almoſt in every reſpect, and reſiſted the earneſt ſolicitation of every friend, by concealing what, when known, will exculpate me from that blame and cenſure wherewith I am loaded, and what muſt neceſſarily be the caſe, till thoſe circumſtances of our intrigue, which no longer are a ſecret, be fully accounted for. While ſuch things are ſaid of you, how can you expect the world will acknowledge you as before?—a doubtful character in public eſtimation ſhares the ſame fate with a bad one.—Own, ſaid his generous heart, your relation to me. — My public conduct ſhall correſpond to my private proteſtations of love and fidelity to you. My tongue was never falſe to my heart. Why do you ſcruple to confeſs what you cordially agreed to, and what you have ſo often ſolemnly ratified both in word and deed? The moment you avow your own voluntary act, and profeſs your complacence therein, that moment the reſpect formerly ſhown you will return. Nay, your reſolution in a caſe of this kind will procure you more than ever you had before. Firm-

neſs

neſs in the cauſe of truth, creates admiration, if not eſteem. Need I remind you of the obligations under which we mutually are, or can there be any neceſſity for my obſerving, that if you expect the bleſſing of Providence, you muſt follow virtue. To deviate from ſacred truth, and yet wiſh for proſperity, indicates either the groſſeſt ignorance, or the higheſt preſumption: And ſurely you had better hazard ſome ſmaller matters in the ſupport of truth, than obtain a ſhort-lived peace by acting in oppoſition to its inviolable dictates. For grant you may ſoothe your conſcience to imagined reſt, yet in ſome after period it will rouze itſelf, and thunder in your ears the moſt dreadful accents. As we had no ſuſpicion of each other's receding, or wiſhing to recede, from the tye that was to make us one for ever, witneſſes to the ſolemn ſcene became unneceſſary. Let not this deceive you—ſince the recording angel has marked the oath we made—the tranſaction ſtands regiſtered in the courts of heaven, and ought to be ſo in thoſe of honour and equity; from which

if you recede, I may be the greateſt ſufferer in one ſenſe for a time, but you muſt undoubtedly one time or other abhor yourſelf, for the baſe, the perfidious deed. Though I am pleading my own cauſe, I am equally defending your's, becauſe what I urge, has an immediate reference to your tranquility of mind, and future happineſs.

Reflect that leſſened fame is ne'er regain'd;
And Virgin Honour once is always ſtain'd.
Timely advis'd, the coming evil ſhun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can abſolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears that waſh out ſin can waſh out ſhame.

PRIOR'S HEN.

To this diſcourſe, proceeding from untainted integrity, and urged by the warmeſt affection, ſhe did not reply, but ſtood in a fixt amaze!—Will you permit me to tell your father the truth of the caſe, continued Clitander; unreaſonable and ſtiff-necked as he is, who knows but I may convince him. No!—returned Amanda, you cannot, for at preſent he is inflamed with anger to an exceſſive degree, and till his paſſion ſubſide, implacable; but as our opportunities of being in private with

each

each other are now ſo rare, ſhould any further altercation take place betwixt him and you, I believe it will be beſt to clear up the whole affair.—This conceſſion appeared ſufficient, nor was more ſaid upon that ſubject.

Clitander's viſits were ſhort, rare, and well obſerved, for Langa took care that he and Amanda ſhould never be left alone. In theſe viſits, the converſation generally turned upon the clamours and reports that had been raiſed, and carried by malicious and deſigning tale bearers; and on the ſeveral opinions that were entertained concerning the conduct of either party; nor was the real point ever touched at. Amidſt other things of this kind, Amanda divulged the practice of ſome of the pretended friends of Clitander, whom ſhe convinced him were his bittereſt enemies, and the principal inſtigators of her father's reſentment. In particular, ſaid ſhe, Florio, that young gentleman, whoſe father is partner in trade with mine, and whoſe offers I once before refuſed, uſed to boaſt of his friendſhip with you, yet no ſooner

was he acquainted with the difference between my father and you, than he came to me to renew his addreſſes, while he promiſed to my father to uſe his acquaintance with you, as a ſpy upon your words and actions. Shocked at ſuch groſs diſſimulation, with double diſdain I rejected him a ſecond time, and pitied the man whoſe honeſt heart foſtered ſuch a viper in his boſom, ſo ready and willing to ſting him. Langa in her turn railed at Mrs. Suſannah, and blaming her conduct in the whole affair, ſaid, ſhe would have expected other things from her, both on account of the connection between the families, and becauſe ſhe herſelf even after marriage, had met with her own ſhare of calumny and ſlander. But, ſaid ſhe, theſe are they, who are the ſevereſt upon others, as if they wiſhed every character to have as many ſpots as their own, and reckoned it juſt, that the misfortunes which befell them, ſhould happen to all.

Matters continued a few weeks in this ſituation; many wondered upon what footing Clitander viſited at the houſe of Mor-

ſonus, but it had been agreed between them not to ſatisfy idle curioſity. However, of ſhort duration was the peace, for Manticus, a ſubaltern officer in a ſhip, publiſhed in every company he entered, that he had heard Clitander own his private connection with Amanda in the plaineſt terms. This unpoliſhed ſea officer had a ſmall acquaintance with Clitander, and ſeeing him one day on the quay, invited him aboard his ſhip, and as it was univerſally believed, vended theſe reports, in order to ingratiate himſelf with Morſonus, hoping thereby to be promoted to the rank of captain. His promotion ſoon after took place. Theſe ſtories had ſpread for ſome time before they reached Clitander's ear.

Morſonus now grew more violent than ever, he threatened to proſecute Clitander for defamation, and having got two of his own ſelect friends, he ſent for Clitander, told him what he had heard, and read a long paper conſiſting of queſtions and anſwers, which he ſaid had paſſed at their laſt private interview, which, Clitander

obſerved were chiefly of his own compoſing, for that he did not remember ever to have heard them before. Now, ſaid Morſonus with a fatal fury in his viſage, which blazed fierce, and menaced deſtruction; you muſt ſubſcribe a paper diſowning all title, claim to, or connection with my daughter, or I am determined to apply for redreſs to the laws of my country. Clitander, undaunted by his threats, inſtantly replied, that he would ſign no ſuch paper; and that as to the alternative, he begged leave to inform him, that truth was no defamation. In the mean time, one of the gentlemen preſent, inſiſted that he would take a few days to conſider the point, then hold a meeting with Morſonus, finally to ſettle the matter.

Immediately hereupon Clitander gave the original compact, with the letters of Amanda, to Camellus, an ingenious and learned young lawyer, who had been a ſingular friend to Clitander, and who beſides giving his own opinion, had procured the moſt accurate advice of thoſe ſtill more knowing, upon the point. Camellus, with-

out delay, tranſcribed a copy of the original papers—ſent for a friend of Morſonus—read the whole to him—then ſtated the caſe with the utmoſt preciſion. Theſe papers, ſaid he, with what I have told you, are the foundations of this noiſome intrigue, which are more than ſufficient to exculpate Clitander from real blame, for whatever he may have ſaid upon the ſubject. Theſe papers will not only free him from a proceſs of defamation, but by the laws of this country veſt him with a power of proſecuting for adherence, and throwing an effectual obſtacle in the way of Amanda's being ever married to another, till that obſtacle is by an appeal to the proper courts removed. The originals themſelves are in my cuſtody. Therefore I, impowered by Clitander, requeſt of you to inform Morſonus, that he never will make any ſuch conceſſions, as he ſeems to demand, and that for the reaſons which you now ſee and know.

This meſſage being faithfully delivered, Morſonus truly alarmed, and galled prodigiouſly, to meet with ſo many repulſes in

his deſigns againſt this unfortunate youth, went to the moſt noted attorney in town, held a long converſation with him upon what had happened, and aſked his opinion. To this very gentleman Clitander had long ago narrated the ſtory with its minuteſt circumſtances. As a friend to both parties, he adviſed another ſerious interview, confeſſed that he had ſeen the papers relative to the tranſaction, which in his opinion would conſtitute the connection indiſſolvable, if tried in law, unleſs there ſhould be room for a divorce, wherefore he judged an agreement would contribute both to the ſafety, the honour, and character of all parties concerned. Why was not I ſooner acquainted therewith, ſaid Morſonus? Ought not I who am the father, to have been told before the world!—However let him bring two friends, I will bring two, let theſe papers be read and examined, that I may ſee how this diſagreeable matter really ſtands, and it ſhall be finally ended.

So calmly did he reaſon upon the ſubject, that the attorney ſent inſtantly for

Clitander, perſuaded him that Morſonus was at laſt come to think cooly upon this intereſting affair, and only his conſent wanting to an interview, which he hoped would terminate in a happy and laſting accommodation. The cool fountain is not more agreeable to the weary traveller, nor the ſhade to the philoſopher in a ſummer's day, than ſuch an account of the temper of Morſonus to the perplext Clitander, who was heartily fatigued with the reſtleſs ſcene he had hitherto been involved in. Calm peace and free ſocial ſociety he loved, but would rather have wiſhed not to exiſt, than to live in perpetual broils, ſuſpicions, and quarrels. At once he embraced the propoſal, preſuming on Amanda's conſent thereto, and prayed the attorney to loſe no time in appointing the day, and the place of meeting. Morſonus had wiſhed this attorney to be one of the two referees who were to be choſen by him, which he generouſly declined, remarking that he had been firſt intereſted in this matter by Clitander, and expected to be one of the two, to be named by him.

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A few obſervations concerning the four gentlemen, who met upon this occaſion, will partly account for the iſſue thereof.

This attorney, one of Clitander's friends, was a gentleman of property and liberal education, of great underſtanding, and eminent in his profeſſion. By the moſt intenſe application to buſineſs, he had amaſſed a handſome fortune. He indeed was very cautious in the parts he acted in public matters, and exceedingly careful to do nothing that might loſe him any buſineſs or injure his private intereſt. He was Clitander's friend, ſaw that juſtice was on his ſide, thought he had been ill uſed, but prudently avoided being too zealous in the cauſe, leſt he ſhould diſoblige Morſonus, upon whom, though he had not the ſmalleſt dependance, nor even his buſineſs, for this the blundering upſtart Moddius had; yet as Morſonus was a conſiderable merchant, the attorney of whom we ſpeak wiſhed for his friendſhip rather than his ill-will. This was but natural, for the man who will be a friend at the hazard of his public influence, or in oppoſition to ſelf intereſt,

is a kind of prodigy in the preſent age. Indeed as times have ſo much altered, and manners undergone ſuch revolutions, one may be a conſiderably uſeful and a worthy member of ſociety, though he would by no means ſacrifice intereſt to friendſhip. No doubt ſuch a character, ſtrictly ſpeaking, is leſs amiable and perfect, than one, wherein benevolence is the preſiding principle.

Honeſtus, an Argathelian, poſſeſſed the true—the generous—and hoſpitable ſpirit of his country. He held an office under the government of a very extenſive nature, the duties of which he diſcharged with the utmoſt exactneſs and propriety. Although buſineſs of a public kind occupied moſt of his time, yet he ever found leiſure to attend to leſſer concerns, when he apprehended he could be of any ſervice—for a friendly action, however troubleſome to himſelf, he never refuſed to do. He was always employed in doing good to the utmoſt of his power. As actions take their colouring from the heart, and derive their nature from the diſpoſitions of the mind,

thoſe

thoſe performed by him were all humane, compaſſionate, and benevolent. For the calamities of others he felt ſincerely—if brought on by the individuals themſelves, he blamed the fault, but pitied the ſufferers. In the proſperity of others he rejoiced, and was never happier than when he had contributed to it. Pride he had none: a ſpirited ſenſibility he cheriſhed—meanneſs in whatever part of conduct he abhorred—he was true to his promiſes, and juſt in his dealings—his manners ſimple; and his integrity untainted. To young men in particular, he ſtretched out the helping hand, as well knowing the difficulties which not only attend, but ſometimes prove inſuperable obſtacles to multitudes entering life. Vaſt numbers of them had he formed for buſineſs, and by the care he took of them, while under his inſpection, laid the foundation of their ſucceeding well in life. His attachment to individuals aroſe wholly from a preconceived idea of their merit, added to the ſuppoſition, that if aſſiſted, they might become a pleaſure to their relatives and

uſeful both to themſelves and ſociety. Owing to this, and the ſincerity of his intentions, his friendſhip was pure: misfortunes could not remove it, calumny could not weaken it. To encourage literary merit of every ſpecies, he was continually amongſt the foremoſt. None poſſeſſed of the ſmalleſt degree thereof, ever came in his way without experiencing his kindneſs, though the returns of gratitude were not always ſuited to his liberality. Bleſt with one of the beſt of wives—this happy pair careſſed the amiable pledges of their mutual love, with all the indulgence of the fondeſt parents, and they only deſired to ſee them learned, and wiſe, and good. This gentleman, from the beginning of his acquaintance with him, had been uncommonly fond of Clitander—lamented his preſent diſtreſs, and triumphed in the proſpect of being a peace maker, a character truly his.

Theſe two had three ſons, moſt excellent youths, two of them the ſons of Honeſtus, and the other, the firſt born to the attorney, who were beyond deſcription attached

to Clitander. It is almoſt impoſſible for parents not to be in ſome meaſure affected with the prevailing biaſs of their children, eſpecially when, as in this caſe, that happens to be of a pure and virtuous kind. Notwithſtanding their previous perſonal regard for Clitander, yet it is probable, that this circumſtance upon the whole increaſed their concern for his welfare.

Morſonus had at firſt ſaid that one of his referees was to be the parſon of the pariſh, a ſtrange religious oddity, of whom little needs be here ſaid, becauſe his character is already pretty juſtly drawn in two ſeparate publications, by different authors. One of them entitled, the "Happineſs of Dead Clergymen," provided they die in the Lord: And the other "The Religious Eſtabliſhment of Caledonia conſidered." This gentleman, though he paid reſpect to, yet never had any real friendſhip for Clitander, nor is this much to be wondered at. Every one knows that two of a profeſſion entirely different in principles—views of things—humours, tempers, ſtudies, and inclinations, can have no mighty affection

for each other. This is perhaps truer of no profeſſion in life than the clerical; for as each member looks upon the ſubject of religion to be the moſt important, and ſo it certainly is, he conſiders another differing from him to be ſo eſſentially wrong, that though ſenſe and good manners keep open quarrels from taking place, the bond of union becomes weak, and ſocial intercourſe much interrupted. Some are ſo fond of popular applauſe, that to obtain this, they ſacrifice every nobler motive which ſhould actuate the human mind. Myſteries, or rambling without having a fixt point in view, is what an ignorant rabble will always be moſt pleaſed with. Singularity in doctrine, in life, or in manner, will invariably attract the largeſt audience, for ſkilful judges are but few, and will never frequent the places where mere declamation is ſubſtituted in the room of argument, or where ſighs, and groans, and gloomy looks, are conſtrued as marks of piety, and evidences of a religious character. Yet this is all the religion that many can pretend to, and what is ſtill more aſtoniſh-

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ing, there are many of its teachers now-a-days, perfectly ſatisfied, if they can produce theſe enthuſiaſtical effects, and ſeem ſedulous to cheriſh them. O Divine Religion, how art thou wounded in the houſe of thy pretended friends! with what regret muſt the open and liberal mind perceive, even in this enlightened period, thoſe who ſay that they have trod the uſual circle of arts and ſciences, condeſcending to diſcourſe on topics unintelligible in their nature, only that they themſelves may appear orthodox; and delivering their tenets in ſuch a mean, ſlovenly, it is well if not ludicrous manner, with the ſole view of ſpreading their fame. Were they to be conciſe, and elegant, and judicious in their harangues, bigotry would ſtare—fanaticiſm would ſtarve—and ſuch orators would loſe the ſweet voice of old women, and fools echoing to each other, Oh! what a Godly Preacher! But however contemptible ſuch conduct—it is generally no bad method of reducing godlineſs to great gain, at leaſt in this world.

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On the other hand the choſen few, who conſider freedom of enquiry to be the unalienable privilege of human nature, who deſpiſe the ſanction of cuſtom, councils, or antiquity, unleſs when founded in the nature of things, and conſonant to the rules of right and wrong, who contemn the ſhackles of ſyſtems, and diſdain all party denominations: Theſe, I ſay, will never be the favourites of the throng, or held up to view upon the ſhoulders of the populace. Nor do they wiſh it—for the approbation of their own minds, with the eſteem of good and diſcerning men, they reckon enough, and are alone ſolicitous to gain and preſerve theſe. Anxious to regulate the temper, and amend the heart, their diſcourſes have all a moral tendency, and are enforced by the plaineſt motives. They find nothing in religion of a gloomy nature, wherefore their manners are free, and their tempers ſocial: which are interpreted faults by thoſe of the oppoſite party. It is ſuppoſed that they can do nothing right, tho' it is remarkable that they abound moſt in charity, benevolence, and compaſſion: while

while thoſe of the preceding claſs, can do nothing wrong in the eſtimation of their followers: if they are ſometimes engaged in the exerciſe of humane or ſocial duties towards others, it is becauſe they have no temptations to the contrary. They who have ever viewed the clerical order, ſo uſeful and neceſſary to civil ſociety, in this light, will find the ordinary run of them to fall under one of the above claſſes, nor be ſurprized, that the harmony of which each of them talks ſo loud, ſubſiſts ſo little in practice. Bitter are their invectives againſt each other, and no perſecutions are more fierce than thoſe of clergy againſt clergy. "Dwells ſuch reſentment in hea-" venly minds!" is an old queſtion.

This digreſſion is more connected with the point in hand than perhaps the reader is aware of, ſince I return to the parſon whom Morſonus meant to conſtitute a referee on this occaſion. Private judgment being every man's property, this gentleman made a curious uſe of his right, for his creed chiefly conſiſted of incomprehenſibles—and if called upon to defend any

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one article, was amazed at the demand, and ſaid it proceeded from want of grace and inward light. The ratio of his genius was equal to the compound ratio of ſcholaſtick ſpeculation, and the uninformed judgment of his believing admirers. The tenderneſs of his conſcience kept him from doing what was not to his advantage, but gave him no reſt, unleſs he perſecuted in one ſhape or other whoever differed in ſentiment from him. He had great zeal for the good of the church, that is, that all its public concerns ſhould be conducted by that party, of which he was a weak but willing member, and piouſly wiſhed in ſcripture language, (for he himſelf was maſter of none) "that thoſe who troubled" or oppoſed the ſame "were cut off." Much about charity he talked, though he ſtrongly ſuſpected thoſe office bearers in the church, who did not ſign the confeſſion of faith, to be in a ſtate of final reprobation. He was ſettled in a ſmall country pariſh, where it was ſaid he had been uſeful, and then imagined the alliance between him and his flock to be ſo ſtrong, that it could

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by no means be ever diſſolved. But when he was entertaining the pleaſing notion of mingling his duſt with that of his hearers, a large and polite congregation became vacant—was offered to him. He poſitively refuſed it. A ſecond offer was made him with 300 l. as a preſent; beſide the annual income, if he would accept. This opened his eyes—he earneſtly wiſhed he might be properly directed what to do. After ſome ſerious meditation upon the matter, he ſaw it, he ſaid, to be his duty in providence to accept. The wicked world ſaid, that by his duty in this caſe he meant his intereſt. His audience he entertained by holding out for their edification, the diſmal picture of accountable creatures without liberty, phraſes without ideas, and faith without reaſon. He was inquiſitive after ſlander, that he might publicly rebuke the guilty; and ſo quick-ſighted in diſcerning the penitence of thoſe he depended on, that he was fully convinced of its ſincerity, before any other perſon could trace the leaſt ſymptom of it. He was not more a ſtranger to Demoſthenes or Cicero, than

to

to mankind, and as unable to be well bred in company, as to explain a page in Virgil. When he chanced to be in good company, which his profeſſion not his merit ſometimes brought about, his converſation was ſolemn trifling; and when amongſt his own ſet of friends it conſiſted of dogmatical aſſertions, which were greedily devoured by barbers and weavers, from which claſſes he had choſen the deacons of his congregation, that he himſelf might be preſident of the ſanhedrim, for had he nominated gentlemen, they perhaps would have had the aſſurance to contradict him. The buſineſs he had on Mondays, was to enquire into the ſtate of individuals—the circumſtances of families—or collect opinions about his Sunday exhibitions. Once he came to Clitander's lodgings to aſk the reaſon of his abſence from church, who politely excuſed himſelf by pleading a ſlight indiſpoſition. This did not ſatisfy his reverence—He then urged him to give his opinion of the forenoon's diſcourſe, at which he obſerved him preſent. Being thus cloſely preſſed, and deteſting diſingenuity,

nuity, Clitander frankly told him, that it was a poor, weak, injudicious, performance. From that moment he hated Clitander.

Diſſenſions like ſmall ſtreams at firſt begun,
Scarce ſeen they riſe, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they ſtill disjoin.
GARTH.

On Tueſdays he lectured publicly—immediately after which he conveened the members of his ſpiritual court, aſcertained the validity of private marriages, and received intelligence from every informer, concerning the ſtate of fornication within the bounds of his pariſh.

Wedneſdays and Thurſdays he generally ſpent in what he called viſiting his people, that is in a religious manner—a part of the miniſterial office, which in this modiſh age is too much neglected. To go thro' this exerciſe with propriety requires a conſiderable ſhare of prudence. Better undone, than attempted by an unſkilful hand: For on ſuch occaſions there is a dignity to be ſupported—and herein our parſon failed.

failed. He meant well, but his zeal was ſuperior to his knowledge.

On Fridays and Saturdays he ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet under the pretence of ſtudy, though upon theſe days he complained of grievous tooth-achs, which the intelligent part of his audience upon Sunday truly credited, for his productions bore the real marks of diſcompoſure. His favourite amuſement was hunting, but leſt the reader ſhould be miſtaken, it is neceſſary to ſay that it was hereſy-hunting. His keenneſs and activity in this exerciſe had appeared even to the aſtoniſhment of the orthodox, in the trial of Ferguſonus—in his conduct towards Gallovidianus, known in the world by his poetical performances; and indeed no opportunity did he let ſlip, of ſhowing how much he had the good old cauſe at heart.

Such the outlines of the parſon Morſonus had ſelected, as one of his two friends to adjuſt the difference between him and Clitander; but afterwards apprehending he might be more ſerviceable to him in a different

different walk, he declined his firſt intentions.

Tarpaulus was the perſon to whom Camellus read a copy of the letters, and who had been commiſſioned by him with a meſſage to the unrelenting Morſonus: He was one of his partners in trade, and in this affair was ſuppoſed to have adviſed all the meaſures he purſued. Tarpaulus had been bred in a man of war, the only ſchool he had ever been at for any length of time. In the manners commonly learned there, he was a notable proficient. Delicacy he had none:—though a ſtranger to thoſe ſcenes which are familiar to a perſon acquainted with poliſhed life, and of enlarged thought, he was nevertheleſs to ſit as a referee upon an affair ſo nice and intereſting, that a man void of delicate ſenſations, was as much diſqualified to judge of, as to write an eſſay upon the paſſions. Out of his own ſphere he knew nothing. Affixing happineſs to riches, he immerſed himſelf ſo deep in buſineſs, that he had leiſure neither to read nor think, except

upon

upon branches of commerce, and even of that he knew not the principles: his hours were ſpent in ſcheming voyages for the rotten ſhips, being one of the rotten company, of which Morſonus was the head: the balancing of accompts, or diviſion of profits, was the extent of his knowledge. Some irregularities of behaviour between the woman now his wife and him, previous to their marriage, had tranſpired, which till of late had in ſome reſpects kept him out of church communion, but being reunited to the church, he ſwore that intrigues and galantry in whatever degree were damnably odious, and to evidence the ſincerity of his own repentance, vowed to God, that he would publicly manifeſt his abhorrence at thoſe things, by the ſeverity of his cenſures upon Clitander. Some perſons obſerved one day to him, that in honour Amanda could never recede, and wondered her father did not yield to the force of truth. Why, ſaid he, her father will never yield, and indeed I think ought not, but to the force of law or money; and as for honour—what is that? She has

no

no honour—ſhe knows nothing about honour: Luckily for her there never was any in the family. If it be poſſible for her to get clear of the contract betwixt her and Clitander—I ſhall ſtrongly adviſe both her, and her father to try the means. Will honour make a man richer in the money way? Is it like ſmuggling? No—No. If ſhe has got any ideas of that kind, ſhe ought to diſmiſs them, and obey her parent. Thus reaſoned the eloquent Tarpaulus, through whoſe throat when he ſpoke, you would have imagined a cable had been ſlipping.

Vulcanus was the 4th referee, and one of thoſe people who are ſuppoſed to mean well, though they act wrong. Bigots in religious matters are generally headſtrong, and violent in every other part of their conduct. This was exactly his caſe. So tenacious of his principles, that he would have died rather than given them up, yet there was nothing more certain, than that he did not underſtand them. He uſed to ſay that others might get the better of him in an argument,

argument, but he would defy the world to convince him. An error he modeſtly ſuppoſed himſelf incapable of; a miſtake he never owned in his life, nor could conceive it poſſible for another to be right, whoſe views of things differed from his own. Caſuiſtical divinity was the only ſcience he ſtudied. He was rigid in the obſervance of leſſer points, and led the van of thoſe, whoſe zeal was not only greater than their knowledge, but abſolutely without any knowledge at all. The weight of an anchor he could aſcertain, but was a total ſtranger to the weight of truth, and the ideas of propriety; being unable to form an adequate idea of any thing ſofter than thoſe metals he wrought in. He did a good deal of buſineſs for Morſonus, was convinced before he knew any thing about the matter, that Morſonus was in the right, whatever he ſhould do or propoſe. A glorious diſpoſition for an arbitrator!—

But hoping the candid reader already wiſhes to know the end of this narration,

and

and particularly of the judgment of theſe referees now characterized, we ſhall here allow him time to muſe upon their ſeparate characters, or on the ſteps he would have adviſed, had he been of the number.

PART III.

THE former part concluded with the characters of the two friends Morſonus pitched upon. In which choice he gave a ſtrange ſpecimen of his diſcernment, or rather a ſure proof that he meant no firm accommodation. Clitander's friends expected the parſon would have been colleagued with Tarpaulus, but never dreamt of Vulcanus, whoſe character and ſtation in life was ſo well known to them, that he was amongſt the laſt men upon earth, they thought a prudent father would have brought to ſuch a meeting. They were not a little confounded when he entered the room. But then it was too late to perſuade Morſonus to another choice, much more to object to the preſent.

Camellus had held a converſation with Tarpaulus the forenoon preceding this mutual conference, in which he learned that Morſonus went with a determination not to be reconciled to Clitander, in ſpite

of

of all the proofs that might be adduced, and arguments that might be uſed. Dropt broad hints that the fidelity of Amanda was corrupted; and that curioſity alone carried her father to hear the letters read, and that he and Vulcanus were reſolved not to diſſuade him from his purpoſe. Camellus, with ſome fervor replied, Then you are not his friends, nor the friends of Amanda, whoſe character is at ſtake, and whoſe peace of mind can never afterwards ſtand upon a firm baſis.

Before Camellus could communicate this intelligence, the parties were convened. For the ſake of privacy, the houſe of Honeſtus was the place of interview. Clitander delivered the contract ſealed up, and the letters of Amanda into the hands of the attorney, and further aſked as a favour, the liberty of being in another room while the letters were reading. It was too much for him, to whom theſe paſſionate epiſtles were addreſſed, to be a hearer of them read, by thoſe, whoſe feelings were by no means uniſon to hers at the time of writ-

ing, or his when he firſt received them. To atone for his abſence, he gave the following paper to be read, which fully opened up the deſign of the conference.

" Gentlemen,

" You are now convened to judge of " a matter of the utmoſt importance, a " matter in which I have always imagined " my preſent as well as future happineſs " to be nearly concerned. Inſenſible muſt " that breaſt be, which doth not feel for " thoſe various diſtreſſes, under which I " at preſent labour. And in ſuch a caſe, " to feel, implies a diſpoſition to take the " tender part, to ſearch for lenitives rather " than the contrary. To review the affair, " in its ſeveral periods, and with all its " circumſtances, though I even preſume " the doing ſo would alleviate many ſevere " things ſaid againſt me, is not, as I appre- " hend, ſo much the end of your meeting " together, as to examine the proofs of " what hath been ſaid, wrote, or done; " that ye may thereby learn the truth.

" To

" To ſay what anguiſh I have felt, what
" pain I have endured, from a recollection
" of paſt imprudencies in this affair, muſt
" ſurely be unneceſſary; ſince I am tho-
" roughly perſuaded that it is not more
" hard upon the aggreſſor to make an ac-
" knowledgment, than upon the feeling
" and charitable breaſt to hear it. That
" however ſincere our paſſion for each
" other, we carried it too far without con-
" ſulting thoſe we ought to have conſulted,
" is what I with ſorrow own, and with the
" deepeſt humility, aſk forgiveneſs of the
" worthy gentleman now preſent, whom
" I principally have injured. For I do
" in reality think it an injury done a
" parent, whoſe happineſs may be ſaid to
" depend upon that of his child, to carry
" a love matter ſo far as I have undoubt-
" edly done, without at leaſt aſking his
" conſent: becauſe it is to be ſuppoſed,
" if reaſonable, it will not be withheld.
" The whole of my after part of life will
" perhaps be too ſhort to ſhow the ſincerity
" of my gratitude, but if forgiven, I am

" determined it ſhall be ſpent in the prac-
" tice of it. Senſible of the vaſt load of
" prejudice this perplexed affair has laid
" me under, and of the peculiar light, in
" which it may happen to appear to you;
" I beg your cooleſt thoughts, and all the
" compaſſion which juſtice can grant. The
" gentleman who reads this can inform you
" of the whole, to whom I remit you,
" and entirely truſting to your judgment
" and candour, ſhall liſten to your deciſion
" as becomes me; reſolved that I ſhall
" ever hold injuſtice and ingratitude in
" equal diſlike.

" I am, with due eſteem,

" Gentlemen, &c."

This letter being read, each ſuppoſed himſelf perfectly acquainted with the nature of the buſineſs, upon which they met. They deſired the attorney to proceed. He laid both a copy and the originals upon the table; the latter he read in order, wherein ſhe in the plaineſt terms ſpeaks of her connection with, and relation to Clitander:

tander: Showed them one by one to her father, putting the queſtion about their being her hand-writing. He acknowledged they were—Then, ſays he, here is one of them, in which ſhe ſays, "My Dear "Huſband, I am now your wife in every "ſenſe of the word." Is that her writing? Yes. Then I defy her or any woman to ſpeak plainer, and at the ſame time obſerve the rules of propriety and decency. In any court this one ſentence would be ſuſtained as a valid foundation for a man's ſaying he had ſlept with the writer of it. Aſk any lady of virtue and modeſty, what ſhe would conceive to be the import of a lady's telling a gentleman, whom in a letter ſhe calls dear huſband, that ſhe is his wife in every ſenſe of the word? And the anſwer will be, that ſhe is married, and that co-habitation hath taken place. In fine, law, reaſon, and the ſenſe of mankind will be unanimous in their verdict upon this caſe. Then looking Morſonus ſtedfaſtly in the face, he ſaid, Muſt you

not yield to ſuch proofs? Is it poſſible for you to reſiſt conviction?

Still further, here is a declaration made by the maſter and miſtreſs of that family, to which Clitander carried Amanda that evening in Clutha, ſigned by two witneſſes, wherein they atteſt her confeſſing herſelf to be Mrs. T——. That ſhe was out of her lodgings that whole night is certain, Clitander ſays ſhe ſpent it with him. This you have not diſproved. This Clitander dares you to diſprove; and the world will aſſent to what he advances, till you or ſhe prove an alibi, which I apprehend, continued this ſenſible attorney, is impoſſible.

Laſt of all, here is a ſealed up paper, which I take to be the ſolemn obligation or marriage agreement ſigned by the parties, and the ground as well as juſtification of their after proceedings. At this inſtant Clitander was called into the room, and after reſpectfully bowing round to the gentlemen, was deſired to ſit down. Said the attorney, addreſſing himſelf to Clitander: Are there witneſſes who have ſubſcribed

ſcribed this paper? No.—Was it ſealed up in the preſence of Amanda? Yes.—Then ſhe has an equal right and power over the ſeal as Clitander: and before it can be broke, you, Morſonus, muſt either produce a note from her own hand permitting this, or ſay upon your word of honour before theſe gentlemen, that you aſked and obtained liberty from her to have this ſeal opened. Upon this, Morſonus replied, I did aſk her liberty, and ſhe freely conſents to that paper being read. This rejoiced Clitander, who from this concluded her remembrance of having permitted him to clear up the matter, and he flattered himſelf that ſhe now meant to vindicate herſelf by avowing her relation to him. So natural it is to hope for what we wiſh.

Immediately upon Morſonus declaring Amanda's conſent, the attorney tore off the ſeal, and read the obligation, a copy of which has been inſerted already. Is that your daughter's ſubſcription? It is, replied Morſonus. Admit then, ſaid he,

that Clitander hath been imprudent in mentioning too freely what had paſſed between your daughter and him, and wrong in telling it to the world before he told it to you; yet from what you have now heard and ſeen, the truth of which neither you nor your daughter call in queſtion, Clitander hath had ſufficient reaſon for what he ſaid. In the letter with which the conference opened, he with the greateſt humility confeſſes his offence in carrying the point ſo far without your knowledge, and in the deepeſt ſubmiſſion implores your pardon. What can a father aſk more?—Act like a father, and take the youth by the hand.

This unhappy ſtory, ſubjoined Honeſtus, hath already ſpread too wide and gone too far—by much the greater part of the kingdom has heard the wondrous tale, and every thinking perſon is ſurprized at your conduct. The only plauſible apology that hath ever been offered for which is, that you have hitherto been kept a ſtranger to the real ſtate of the

caſe,

caſe, though you were acquainted with many circumſtances whence you might eaſily have inferred it. This evening that excuſe is removed. Conſidering what you have at ſtake, there are more proofs than in ſuch a caſe ought to convince and ſatisfy you. Was the ſituation mine, and as I have daughters it may be ſo, the half of the evidences lying upon that table would determine me peaceably to acquieſce. Should you perſiſt in your animoſity againſt Clitander, it will be impoſſible to free you from the imputation of malice, or prevent its being ſaid, that you have ſacrificed the force of truth, and the peace of your family to the blackeſt revenge. But why do I harbour ſuch a ſuſpicion! Officious tatlers have artfully irritated you againſt the man, whom, till this matter was divulged, you confeſſed you eſteemed. His perſonal qualities muſt be the ſame now as then. It is an exceſs of paſſion which keeps you from ſeeing them. Give the young couple your bleſſing, and intereſt yourſelf in their proſpe-

rity. I ſhould be ſorry to think my neighbour Morſonus rejected as his ſon-in-law, him, whom his daughter had ſo often and ſeriouſly acknowledged to be her huſband. His future reſpect for you, and indulgence to your daughter, will increaſe in proportion to the lenity wherewith you pardon the raſhneſs of the tranſaction. That they have been ſomewhat fooliſh I confeſs, but you know,

The proverb holds, that to be wiſe and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above:
A gen'ral doom on all mankind is paſs'd,
And all are fools and lovers firſt or laſt.

DRYDEN.

It is true, I am the friend of Clitander, but never ſhall I ſupport him, or indeed any perſon, in oppoſition to the rules of juſtice and equity; and whatever opinion you may at preſent entertain of my ſo warmly pleading his cauſe, the time will come, but perhaps too late, when you ſhall be ſenſible that I am equally pleading your cauſe, and then wiſh you had followed

lowed my advice. This night a perfect reconciliation is expected. Should this not take place, Clitander has vindicated himſelf, and muſt be acquitted by the public ſuffrage.

Theſe, with many ſuch obſervations, were made by Clitander's friends. Thoſe of Morſonus, inſtead of ſaying one word with a view to make peace, either kept perfectly ſilent, or taking up a letter from the table put childiſh queſtions concerning it. Nothing elſe could be expected from men of their ſtamp, who were incompetent judges of the affair, and perfectly unable to reaſon on any point with the other two. After all, common ſenſe, had they followed its dictates, ſhould have prompted them to perſuade, as much as in their power, Morſonus, to act the candid and reaſonable part. The ſteps which in prudence remained for him to take were clear, nor required any depth of judgment to mark out. Like thoſe who previouſly knew how it was to end, they no way intereſted

them-

themſelves, only endeavoured to divert the converſation.

Morſonus obſerving that there was a copy of the whole upon the table, begged to have it. This was granted. Then, ſaid he, with a barbarous tone of voice peculiar to himſelf, now I am upon equal ground with him. It is no marriage. He ſhall never have my daughter. Should it coſt me many hundreds of pounds, I will hunt him down. My daughter allows the ſubſcribing the obligation, with the writing of the letters, but at the ſame time declares ſhe will have nothing more to do with him.

Thus, while he ſpoke, each paſſion dimm'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy and deſpair,
Which marr'd his viſage.——— MILT.

In confirmation of what he uttered as his daughter's ſentiments, he appealed to Tarpaulus, who had converſed a long time in private with her that day. I did ſo, replied Tarpaulus; and ſhe poſitively told

told me, that her affections, whatever they had formerly been, were totally eſtranged from Clitander; that ſhe had now come to a reſolution of finally breaking off the connection, and intended, by her future obedience to her father, to atone for this offence.

The friends of Clitander were confounded at this freſh, violent, and unexpected ſtorm, burſting from the volcano's of ungovernable rage, which boiled in the dark ſoul of Morſonus. They had urged every thing that made for peace, with ſtrength of argument mixed with delicacy of expreſſion: and that they all had no effect upon Morſonus ſurprized them, nor for ſome time could they believe that he meant as he ſpoke. The conſternation of Clitander was ſo great, that he knew not what to think, much leſs what to ſay.

But his wonted preſence of mind returning, he, addreſſing himſelf to Tarpaulus, remarked, that it was the firſt time he had ever heard perjury propoſed as a ſuitable atonement for diſobedience to a parent

rent in a love matter—that he could ſcarce believe Amanda ſo weak, not to ſay wicked, as to entertain the idea: that her affections were alienated from him, he hoped was not the caſe; and that for her own honour and credit more than his. For ſuppoſing they were, continued Clitander, it is impoſſible that I ſhould die of a mere love diſappointment, ſince from theſe letters now read in your hearing, with many corroborating circumſtances, it will never be believed that I have been an unſucceſsful lover. Had it not been the ties of a ſacred oath and inflexible honour, I would have ſaved the half of this trouble and anxiety, both to Morſonus and myſelf. Then, directing his diſcourſe more particularly to Morſonus, proceeded thus: Sir, your paſſion in the whole of this affair, has had the aſcendancy over your reaſon. None ever queſtioned your penetration in diſcerning your intereſt in the ordinary occurrences of life, which makes it the more ſtrange, to ſee you wantonly ſacrificing the reputation of

your

your family to your humour. Your friends may wiſh that you acted a wiſe part—the doing ſo depends on yourſelf. To hold out againſt facts argues a perverſion of heart: a refuſing the counſel of the wiſe, ſhews immoderate ſelf-confidence, which flows from a deficiency of underſtanding: and the diſdaining to confeſs an error is more inglorious than the commiſſion of it. With reſpect to decorum, there have been ſome ſlight breaches in my conduct with Amanda; whether or not you have received ill uſage is hard to ſay; for men's actions oftentimes look worſe than they are, and one muſt be thoroughly informed of every circumſtance before he can rightly judge. Now after the full and juſt information which you have got, where lies the criminality of the action?—You cannot tell. Think, then, how much more you ſuffer from your anger and grief, than from thoſe very things for which you are angry and grieved. But ſince you are unmoved by all the attorney and Honeſtus have urged, it

muſt

muſt be preſumption in me to hope to influence you. Permit me only to aſk who propoſed this interview? Was it not you?—For what end was it propoſed? Was it not that our differences ſhould be finally adjuſted? Are you not ſo far acquainted with the laws of your country, as to know, that ſuch an obligation as that ſubſiſting between your daughter and me, with ſo many letters wrote in a ſtyle declarative of the relation we ſtand in to each other, together with the other evidences of that relation, muſt be judged of by theſe laws, previous to their loſing their force upon either of the parties. Of two evils ought not the leaſt to be choſen; in contradiction to this maxim, you ſay, it is no marriage. To make good the aſſertion, another mouth than yours muſt pronounce it. You ſay I ſhall never have your daughter, but that is too contingent a circumſtance for you to determine. Like one whoſe principal ſort is his money, you boaſt of the ſums you will expend to ruin me. Except my peculiar

pro-

profeſſion, I am out of your power. In the exerciſe of that, in this country, you may diſturb me, but not till my cauſe has undergone a public diſcuſſion, and if ſuſtained, then your perſecution of me would really injure yourſelf. If it is a marriage, no doubt it is an irregular one, and I am ſubject to eccleſiaſtical cenſure—if it is none, then, where there is no fault or treſpaſs there can be no puniſhment. And you further add, that your daughter confeſſes the ſubſcribing of the obligation and writing of the letters, while ſhe declares ſhe will have nothing more to do with me. If her ſaying ſo, follows from your private ſuggeſtions to her, and powerful threats; it diſcovers more ſervile fear of you than inſincerity, conſequently affixes the crime to you. There are ſeveral caſes beſides this, where the iniquity of the child is chargeable upon the parent. No doubt if Amanda acted with becoming ſpirit, ſhe would diſdain compliance with thoſe perſuaſions or threatenings, that tend to ſeduce her from perſevering in the paths

of

of rectitude; ſhe would revere a parent leſs than truth, and eſteem it no inſtance of diſobedience to the one that ſhe reſiſted his will, when directly oppoſite to the inviolable dictates of the other. Parents, like other ſuperiors, are only to be obeyed in lawful things; nor, preſuming on their natural authority, ought to preſcribe what is repugnant to the eſſential rules of right and wrong. However, ſuch fortitude is rare; many things may be offered in apology for a daughter who is deficient herein. But there is a vaſt difference between this animated conduct on the one hand, and a poſitive denial, or retractation, to pleaſe a parent, on the other. Therefore, if her declaring, which you and Tarpaulus maintain ſhe does, that ſhe will have nothing to do with me, proceeds from her heart, and is her real ſentiment; then, I humbly apprehend, that the loſs of her is great gain, and ſhall only ſay, that I have cleared myſelf, and leave it to your breaſt and hers, to act in the manner moſt agreeable to you both.

The

The attorney and Honeſtus reſumed the diſcourſe, and enlarged upon ſeveral articles in this ſpeech of Clitander's, expreſſed concern at the fooliſhneſs of Morſonus, and attempted to remove his prejudices. But to have removed the Alpine hills had been as eaſy. Deaf to perſuaſion he was—nay ſo ill bred was he, as not to reply with common civility, to ſome generous ſchemes of peace propoſed by Honeſtus. His arbitrators, as was before obſerved, continued ſilent upon the points in queſtion, and appeared anxious to introduce another ſubject: which at length put an end to the conference.

Aſtoniſhment filled every perſon upon hearing what had paſſed among the referees. The behaviour of Morſonus appeared inconſiſtent with the principles of honeſty and honour, and quite irreconcileable to common ſenſe: and that of Amanda ridiculous to the laſt degree. By refuſing ſhe plainly gave up her honour, and ſported with her character, her moſt precious jewel.

Hitherto

Hitherto ſhe had been much pitied on account of what ſhe underwent from a tyrannical father, and Clitander blamed for not claiming his right to deliver her from oppreſſion. But now the ſcales were turned, and the public cenſure fell upon her, as well as her father. What excuſe, it was aſked, can ſhe make for herſelf? To offer none, and yet act as ſhe does, is indeed marvellous. From henceforth, ſaid every honeſt breaſt, let her bid an eternal adieu to the circles of the young—the gay—the virtuous—and to all thoſe places where decorum and politeneſs frequent. Let her retire to ſome bleak mountain—ſome lonely village—or ſome howling wilderneſs, and there ſtrive to forget her perfidy and diſſimulation. There in anxious ſolitude and univerſal abhorrence, let her drag a miſerable life—till ſtung by remorſe—ſhe confeſs and aſk forgiveneſs of her crime. Nor let her complain of the ſeverity of the puniſhment, ſince a fair acknowledgment of what every perſon is convinced of, will at once reſcue her from it.

Ought not ſhe to be baniſhed Diana's train, who hath broke the holy precepts of the ſpotleſs ſociety? what matron will not deteſt her? what pure virgin—what virtuous nymph will not ſhun the fellowſhip, and avoid having any communications with one who could deviate ſo far from the paths of purity and rectitude! How dark muſt be the heart whence ſuch deceitfulneſs proceeds! What man of ſpirit will ever out of perſonal attachment think of her for a wife? And has ſhe not reaſon to ſuſpect that the ſweets of wedlock can ſcarce be hers? Should young men once more pretend to gaze with rapture on her beauty, may ſhe not dread, that their real deſign is not only to obtain the favours which ſhe laviſhed on Clitander; and then bid adieu to her charms. In ſhort, every mouth was opened upon this thoughtleſs nymph, and ſuch the ſentiments echoed concerning her. Prudent parents embraced the opportunity of painting to their children the improprieties of Amanda, in ſuch a light, as they hoped might inſpire them

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with a juſt diſlike thereof, and lead them to the love of thoſe virtues wherein ſhe had been deficient. There are few of the accidents in life, which wiſdom and diſcernment cannot improve to ſome good purpoſe.

Clitander ſtill willing to hope the beſt, could not believe Amanda would retract. He dreaded it—yet wiſhed to find it impoſſible that ſuch a paſſion as hers could die. That her father had compelled her to act as ſhe did, he eaſily credited. To learn the truth of this, he watched to have an opportunity of ſpeaking with her. The father and mother were equally vigilant to prevent it.

But Cupid is cunning: Hard is his taſk who guards a ſolicitous lover—Whenever Amanda went abroad Langa conſtantly attended her. In one of their tea-viſits, Amanda left her mother's ſide for a few moments, to call for a companion who lived in the next houſe to that where ſhe and Langa were paſſing the afternoon; this companion was no other than the

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chearful Miſs Jeany H——y, who kept her father's houſe, and who was a peculiar acquaintance of Clitander's. In this houſe, and even in preſence of Miſs Jeany, he uſed to have many tender interviews with Amanda. Happening to be paſſing by that afternoon, he thought of calling, when to his agreeable ſurprize, he learnt Amanda was there. But oh!—how changed the ſcene!—She would now hold no converſation with him—aſked him who he was—ſaid ſhe had ſuffered too much already for him—and declared ſhe did not regard him. An impetuous hurricane after a profound calm, never ſo ſurprized the affrighted mariner—the eruptions of Veſuvius never occaſioned more conſternation among the inhabitants of the adjacent villa's. Nay a rock of marble is not leſs motionleſs than the abaſhed Clitander!—His hair ſtood on end—his blood forgot to flow—his ſpirits languiſhed—his limbs could ſcarce ſupport their uſual weight—and his voice was loſt. Nor after he recovered from his amazement, could he be-

believe these to be the words of that Amanda, who used to complain that she was unhappy if not along with him, all other company being irksome to her; and who hated the language of love, unless it dropt from his persuasive lips, which till now had never pleaded in vain with her. Notwithstanding all she had yet done, he still loved her. Hence resulted his distress; since constant love repaid with cold disdain is the greatest torment which the human mind can endure. Those who have experienced this, as well as other misfortunes, will not refuse assenting to the truth of this observation.

As has been already said, often had Clitander prophesied to Amanda, though never without being severely rebuked by her, that her father's threats would prevail, and she forget her solemn vows—all that had followed in consequence of them—and her husband Clitander, as she used to call him. He had prayed that his fears might be vain—he was mortified to find them just. Well he knew the deepest conspi-

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racies had been laid againſt his empire in her breaſt: with pain he perceived the devices of Morſonus ſucceeding; but he truſted, his preſence, his arguments and addreſs, would render them abortive, and re-inflame her love, which like an expiring taper now only ſhed a feeble ray.

He begged ſhe would conſider the horrid crime of perjury, its odious nature both in the ſight of God and man, together with the laſting and bitter effects which it always produces. Deſcribed the light ſhe muſt appear in to each virtuous mind, and that after the proofs of their correſpondence now adduced, her honour muſt be for ever ſtained: That by refuſing, ſhe really did not clear or extricate herſelf from the affair, unleſs, ſhe in a courſe of law procured her liberty, which, ſaid he, can only be got by my conſent. Was I diſpoſed, continued he, how eaſy would it be for me to claim you as my wife—or by ſummoning you to Edinum, perhaps fix you for ever. But I am not ſo deſpicable a lover as to reſt ſatisfied with the perſon of

a woman, without I have poſſeſſion of her heart. My Dear Amanda, how ungenerous to me is your conduct! Often have I read and heard of animated females, who have braved the extremeſt dangers, reſiſted each enticement to inconſtancy; and ſurmounted countleſs obſtacles to approve their fidelity to the loved object of their ſoul. Rather than this ſhould be violated, how many are there who have nobly died!—only few who have ever taken pleaſure in the diſtreſſes of their lovers, or who after having once given them their heart, wiſhed to have it back again. And ſurely none would go ſo far as to perjure themſelves to pleaſe a parent, except thoſe who have totally parted with the ſmalleſt pretenſions to virtue, in which claſs, kind heaven forbid my Amanda ſhould ever be!—O rouze up thy reaſon, my beautiful charmer! Be conſiſtent with thy former acts and ſacred promiſes. Reſtore my peace of mind—eſtabliſh thy own upon the foundations of truth and unalterable affection. Hitherto I have put the moſt candid comment upon

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all your actions. When your father and Tarpaulus narrated your change of mind, I did not—I could not believe it. Nor would I, till I had heard it from your own lips. Did you mean what you ſaid? Surely no! you ſpoke by miſtake; for Amanda, the loving—and tenderly beloved Amanda, can never in ſerioufneſs ſay ſhe knows not Clitander. Witneſs ye bleſt though ſhort-lived moments of rapturous love!—ye rural ſcenes of innocence and eaſe, where oft we chaſtely ſported!—Ye woods—in whoſe pleaſing labyrinths we ſtrayed, and talked of pleaſures paſt, of pains we felt, and mutual flames!—Ye gurgling fountains—whoſe mæandring ſtreams murmured reſponſive to our ſoft complaints!—Ye ſongſters of the grove—who with your artleſs muſic hymned our nuptial vows!—bear witneſs againſt the preſent declaration of Amanda. Sufficiently haſt thou tried me, which I ſuppoſe was all which you intended. To free me from perplexity, allow me to adjure you by the remembrance of former ſcenes, ſince if you perſiſt, the

delights of theſe are ended, once more to ſpeak; and let the words be the genuine ſentiments of your heart.

Religion, reaſon, love and paſt ſufferings ſupplied the unhappy Clitander with arguments, in this laſt and moving expoſtulation, enough to have ſoftened any heart leſs hard than Amanda; upon whom his eloquence was loſt, and all his reaſonings were vain. Not more unbending to the wanton ſchool boy, are the venerable branches of an aged oak—not more deaf the ſavage roaming the pathleſs deſart to the accents of pity—than ſhe to all he ſaid.

Affronted Conſcience now retir'd to reſt,
And ſlept unactive in her guilty breaſt.

Relentleſs ſhe ſtood—and ſaid ſhe wiſhed to ſee him no more; and frankly told him ſhe valued not a pin all ſhe had done—that ſhe eſteemed herſelf under no obligations to him—and was determined never after to acknowledge his acquaintance, but get married to ſome other perſon, as ſoon as

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the wiſdom of her father ſaw it proper, and an opportunity offered.

At theſe dreadful accents, proceeding from ſomething worſe than levity and diſſipation, his heart ſunk within him; each nerve became that moment weak, and nature oppreſſed ſeemed ſinking down to reſt. However much ſtruck with this inſtance of perfidy, ſo exceedingly beyond what he could have conceived to have ever found admiſſion into a female breaſt, much leſs into that of his deareſt Amanda; he endeavoured to reſume his uſual ſpirits, judging it would be too great a gratification to her pride, if ſhe perceived how much her conduct affected him. Muſt, ſaid he to himſelf, this faithful heart of mine be broke for this faithleſs nymph, who ſees me wretched with the moſt perfect indifference? The deed would be in every reſpect inglorious. All he replied was—Then, madam, I take heaven to witneſs, that I have acted in conſiſtency with my appeals thereto, and to virtue. Hitherto have I perſiſted in approving my fidelity

to you—to the laſt breath of life I was willing to do ſo.—But you have abſolutely broke the engagement. Since you are capable of behaving as you have now done, it grieves me that I ever paid my addreſſes to you, and ſtill more ſo, that I have endured ſo much for your ſake. May repentance be yours, and forbid you ſhould die, till with undiſſembled ſorrow you acknowledge the wrongs you have done the injured Clitander. This treatment I may —I do forgive: but can never forget. Aid me, ſaid he, propitious powers!—And grant that I may ceaſe to love her, whom for many reaſons I cannot abhor. Yes, Amanda—I will tear thy idolized image from my heart; if it be poſſible to tear them aſunder; though had I foreſeen this diſmal ſcene when firſt I began to adore thee, ſooner would I have refuſed the ſweets of ſociety, and thoſe precious hours I ſpent with thee, and retired to ſome lonely cave, that I might have avoided my preſent woe. Nay Death in its moſt inſulting form had been leſs terrible—with

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more courage could I have defied the invincible conqueror, than bear theſe ſallies of thy dire ingratitude. But why do I thus accoſt Amanda, who, no longer intereſted in my felicity, rather rejoices in my pain. The raging billows which laſh the ſhore, and ſeem angry at reſiſtance, will hear, and comply as ſoon. Therefore, thou cruel deceiver, Farewel!—for ever, I ſay Farewel—Farewel!—Moſt hapleſs youth, what could he more?—

He left her, and haſted to the friendly arms of Honeſtus, told him what had happened, and added in the moſt expreſſive language of grief, that life had now no charms for him. Is this the reward of my firm and unſhaken adherence to truth? Is this the requital of my faithful paſſion? Honour, are theſe thy laurels! O Virtue, is this the product of ſuch ſuffering in thy cauſe!—The language of the paſſions is indeed the language of nature, and renders the ſpeaker eloquent. Clitander felt what he uttered, nor ſpoke he a word but what reached the heart of Honeſtus, who at firſt

heard with aſtoniſhment the behaviour and ſpeeches of Amanda, but was quickly melted into the ſofteſt ſympathy, by the piercing reflections which the unfortunate youth made thereon, who thus went on. Had I, like many of my ſex, at once forſaken her, when I perceived it diſagreeable to her father, my peace in one reſpect had been unbroke, and my intereſt ſecure. Or had I even, contrary to the deſire and injunctions of Amanda, boldly told Langa the firſt day ſhe mentioned it to me, that it had gone too far to be undone, or at the firſt interview I had with the father Morſonus diſcovered the whole matter: whatever private inconveniences owing to the ſallies of his paſſion might have enſued; yet I ſhould have been unſpeakably happy, in compariſon of what I at preſent am. By rejecting this plan of procedure, while I meant the more to pleaſe her I loved, I the more contributed to my own misfortunes. For in that interval, her cruel father by working upon her docile temper has prevailed with her to retract. By delaying

laying to publiſh the evidences of our connection, I left her ſubject to change, and expoſed to the force of temptation. That I once held the firſt place in her eſteem, and the entire poſſeſſion of her heart, is an indiſputable truth, the proofs whereof were ſo numerous and manifeſt that others uſed to tell me of it. Why then did I not ratify the ſolemn deed in the moſt public manner? Was I ignorant of the frailty and imperfection of humanity? As in other caſes it frequently happens, ſo in this, proſperity has ſo enervated me, that I am unable to bear the contrary! Had I never heard of female inconſtancy, and how agreeable variety is to the deluding ſex! I have indeed read of many ſuch, but thought prejudice or malice had drawn the picture in too dark colours, and was inclined to believe the then loving Amanda, one of the ſincere and virtuous few. Conſidering the pledges of her love which ſhe had given, I would have ſcorned the man that ſhould have preſumed to ſuſpect,

the poſſibility of a total alteration in her ſentiments.

Surpriſing, ſaid Honeſtus, it is, that one ſo well acquainted with human nature; who hath enjoyed ſo many means of ſtudying it with attention, ſhould nevertheleſs reaſon ſo ill concerning it, at leaſt in the preſent inſtance. The things ſhe has done and ſaid, are the very cauſes why ſhe has changed ſo eaſily. All earthly happineſs is greater in idea, than in the enjoyment. The qualities we affix to objects out of our power, are the motives which prompt us to overcome every difficulty which obſtructs our getting poſſeſſion of them. If we knew their intrinſic value before hand, we ſhould not put ourſelves to half the trouble we commonly do to acquire them. This maxim is perhaps exemplified in nothing more than in love affairs. We ſuppoſe woman unpoſſeſſed to be ſomething more than human, and after marriage with difficulty perſuade ourſelves that ſhe is our equal. This is generally the caſe where ſprings of attachment have

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ariſen from external qualifications, pecuniary conſiderations, or accidental circumſtances. 'Tis true, wherever a regard to moral principles and mental perfections is the baſis of the alliance, the very reverſe takes place; for the notions of felicity, upon either ſide, increaſe in proportion to their acquaintance with each other. In this view then it is no wonder that Amanda ſhould retract, ſince her ideas of love have, in ſeveral reſpects, been realized. Had this difference between her father and you happened previous to your journey to Clutha, and particularly to that night when ſhe was out of her lodgings, ſhe would by no means have deſerted you.

Clitander, who was almoſt unable to entertain a bad opinion of the ſex, eſpecially of her he had ſo intenſely loved, yielded, however, his aſſent to the above obſervations, and was convinced that his friend had hit upon one chief reaſon of Amanda's want of affection. O pleaſing beauty, cried he! thou rare and attractive boon of heaven, how can'ſt thou veil ſuch

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rank diſſimulation? How diſmally art thou perverted when not ſupported by innocence and ſincerity! Whither—ah, whither hath my love tranſported me!—A tenderneſs for her reputation hath brought my own in queſtion, becauſe every perſon who may hear the ſtory, has not an equal means of obtaining true information. A few trifling particulars omitted or miſplaced, will alter the general opinion; which cannot be juſt, unleſs the whole ſtory be properly told. And where it conſiſts of ſo many parts, and ſuch various turns, while at the ſame time it is in every perſon's mouth, whoſe ignorance or prejudice may ſpoil it; to preſerve its uniformity is next to an impoſſibility. The very thought of what he might innocently ſuffer, in this reſpect, made him exclaim: O, cruel Fortune, why is thy peculiar rancour poured on me? Why am I indued with all this ſpirit, and theſe aſpiring thoughts which ſeem to merit a milder fate? Why am I not baſe-minded, and as inſenſible of honour's ties, as her whoſe perfidy I now deplore? Say, Nature, why does miſery reſult

ſult from thy more noble gifts? But heaven is juſt—and finite can never meaſure infinite. Reaſon, the feeble ray of divine intelligence, ſcarce knows itſelf: how then can man, aided by this alone, pretend to fathom the profound of juſtice? Such weak-ſighted mortals are we, that but a few of the neareſt links of the chain of things can we diſcern, and are totally ignorant of its ſeveral dependencies, and the connection of the whole. By ſuch reflections, wiſely improved, ſaid Clitander, fain would I aſſuage the pangs of anguiſh, which, like an earthquake, ſhake me.

A love diſappointment does not come up to my ſituation. After all, what ſhall I call it?—Thou nameleſs labyrinth—and blaſting yet deſpicable trial, from which I cannot eaſily be relieved—odious in thy nature, and ſevere in thy effects, ſince it is not the pungent recollection of Amanda's falſehood alone which diſturbs me, but the world's dread laugh, to which I am expoſed, which even the firm philoſopher can ſcarce withſtand. To ſave her I divulged the moſt private truths! To

wipe

wipe off all aſperſions from her character, I endeavoured to prove a connection ſubſiſting, which deſtroyed the improprieties alledged againſt her: ſuppoſing this would be to her a moſt grateful ſervice. I have been miſtaken. In what a ludicrous light does this conduct of her's ſet me?—Had the world known nothing of the matter, it had been more eaſy to have borne it, becauſe then her defection could only have been ſubject of wonder to myſelf. It is the noiſe which has been made about it, together with my aſſertions, and her now pertinacious denial, which confounds every one, and affixes an indelible ridicule upon me. From ſuch ſecret connections, and love engagements, as thoſe between Amanda and me, it is no unuſual thing to find men retracting, when the injured females, with arguments, ſtill more cogent than tears and ſupplications, pray for adherence, and humbly beg the performance of thoſe promiſes which ruined them. Rare are the inſtances of women retracting when the men are willing to adhere. Indeed,

deed, wherever a correſpondence of this kind is a breach of morality, the guilt is equal on both ſides, yet, in public eſtimation, the character of the female ſuffers more than that of the male, which may be one reaſon why women, for the moſt part, ſo chearfully conſent to have private intimacies put on an honourable footing, and rendered as firm as the proper laws can make them; whereas, in my caſe, continued Clitander, there is no immorality—there are vows—mutual obligations—mutual acknowledgments, with many preſumptive evidences of cohabitation known to the world. I have confeſſed the truth. Amanda diſclaims not the grounds thereof, while ſhe poſitively refuſes the neceſſary conſequences. Of what a temper muſt ſhe be! How ſingular her way of thinking! How unfeeling her heart! and how ſeared her conſcience!—

Come, gentle Death, Clitander cried—and end my wretched life! Kind grave, receive me to thy peaceful bed—and ſhut the mournful ſcene. If man never was,

but

but always to be bleſt, then why is my exiſtence continued ſince the end is loſt! —Yes—Death, thou art not more the enemy than privilege of human nature: in my caſe, as in many others, without thee, life had not been worth the taking: if to thee, the poor, the priſoner, and the mourner in his ſable weeds, fly for relief, and lay their burdens down, then thou art my friend. Undaunted I will meet thee, in whatever ſhape, and thank thee for thy aid: ſince only thou can'ſt give me reſt, and, in ſpite of my preſent ſufferings, lull me to repoſe. Death—why art thou called the gloomy monarch?—becauſe cowards paint thee ſo, and bad men find thee to be ſo. I have done nothing to increaſe thy frowns. 'Twas for Amanda I wiſhed to live. She is faithleſs as the ſummer's breeze, wherefore the bitterneſs of death is paſt.

—She is faithleſs and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.

Beware

Beware how you loiter in vain,
Amid nymphs of an higher degree,
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be. SHEN.

Such were the exclamations of Clitander—and may I not aſk the ſenſible part of the fair-ſex, whether any poſſible conſideration could have induced them to grieve ſuch a lover. Had ſuch warmth of affection and conſtancy always been the characteriſticks of your admirers! ſay, ye ſuſceptible minds; — what numbers of your happy train had never ſhed a tear, or, loaded with ſorrow, have gone down to an early tomb!—Tell me, ye virgin tribe, —who now ſalute the roſy morn with ſoliloquies about your amorous cares, and meet the riſing ſun with bluſhes, at recollecting the ſporting of imagination, while ſlumber ſealed your eye-lids; who charge each minute as it flies to carry a wiſh, or a ſigh, to him you eſteem, and who rejoice in the coolneſs of the ſhade—the ſerenity of the evening—and the ſtillneſs of the night, becauſe ſeaſonable and proper

per for your interviews, and friendly to love: Tell me, I ſay—if the laurels of fidelity do not ſit gracefully on the head of Clitander? Was every lover of the ſame principles with him, none of you would have occaſion to bewail the perfidy of man, the too frequent ravager of thoſe bloſſoms which might have ripened to perfection: your charms would then be unblaſted by the mildews of diſappointment, and your conſtitution ſafe from thoſe nameleſs maladies ariſing from pent-up ſorrow, which, on theſe occaſions, ſcorns to be revealed. Stifle not the ſigh that bounds elaſtic from the heart when muſing on Clitander's woes. On ſuch a theme as this, even tears, thoſe beads of grief, will increaſe your ſparkling beauty, and each man of merit will eſteem you the more, while they behold ſuch tender pity in your frame.

Honeſtus had, from the beginning, looked upon Amanda as an improper match for Clitander. At the very time ſhe led the van of females, and was praiſed by

by every tongue, this gentleman conceived but a doubtful opinion of her, and from a variety of cauſes, much ſuſpected the integrity of her heart. Ignorant of Clitander's attachment to her, he ſpoke freely of her to him. Clitander uſed to crown the flowing bumper with her name, even at the table of Honeſtus, who now and then contracted his eye-brows, and with humour obſerved, that the blindneſs of Cupid might be judiciouſly inferred from the practice of his votaries. From the moment he knew of his friend's affection for her, he uſed all his endeavours to make him ſick of the buſineſs, though without effect; but now, indeed, he adminiſtred conſolation to the unfortunate Clitander. Declaimed againſt Amanda, and inſiſted he would reſent this ill—this undeſerved uſage. You, ſaid he, have done every thing which honour can require. To perſiſt longer in attempting to perſuade a faithleſs nymph, would indicate a want of ſpirit, a defect, of which none

none who knew Clitander, can ever ſuſpect him capable.

The paſſions are like the ſtrings of a muſical inſtrument; there is a certain key to which they may be wound up, and further than which it is impoſſible for them to go. Nor can they ſtand long if ſo ſtretched, for they will either break or turn flat. Thus the paſſions, when ſcrewed up to their higheſt pitch, muſt have a paſſage given them, and if not in the proper channel, are apt to run into a quite different. Of love this may with peculiar juſtneſs be ſaid. While this paſſion is predominant in the ſoul, it has no bounds in pleaſures or in pains. If it has been encouraged contrary to the dictates of the underſtanding; ſhould reaſon, in an after period, regain the aſcendancy, it is a ſure ſign that the extravagancies of love are ended. Betwixt fire and water there is not a greater oppoſition, than between the acts of reaſon and effects of immoderate paſſion.

Too

Too long had Clitander been the willing ſlave of the laſt of theſe, the clouds of which began now to burſt, and a milder beam, from a nobler ſource, to animate his breaſt. His love had ſent forth its ſtrongeſt blaze, and deprived of its wonted fuel, began to wax feeble. He liſtened to the reaſoning of Honeſtus, who put the queſtion home to him; if ever he could be happy with a girl who could act as ſhe had done, or eſteem himſelf ſecure of her fidelity, even if things were once more to alter, and ſhe become, in every legal ſenſe, his own. Do you not hate a cornuted forehead?—If you do—only tell how ſhe hath already behaved, and I'll lay any wager, there is no man will inſure you from the diſgrace: think not then of making the dangerous experiment.

Clitander replied, that he well knew he could not be happy in ſuch a ſituation; while, ſaid he, I have the feelings of humanity, that is, in the nature of things, abſolutely impoſſible. While I have memory I muſt recollect what has happened,

and

and that is of ſuch a kind, as even in a temper, not naturally jealous, might create the moſt perplexing doubts and fears. He wiſhed the matter had not gone ſo far, but declared himſelf willing to tear her from ever from his conſtant heart, a feat he perceived her to be altogether unworthy of, and ready to adopt whatever ſchemes his friends ſhould judge adviſable, to bring about a final ſeparation. 'Tis true, I have been a paſſionate lover, but henceforth let me be the reſolute and determined man. I ſcorn to yield to the inſults of a treacherous woman. As a ſupplicant I have hitherto laid at her feet, with indifference ſhall I hereafter meet her.—

Honeſtus rejoiced at hearing him ſay he had formed ſuch manly reſolutions, prayed that he might reduce them to practice, and ſaid every thing in his power to confirm them.

But to reſolve is one thing, to practiſe is a very different affair. This Clitander experimentally found, and that in

two reſpects; firſt, becauſe he was hereby under the neceſſity of appearing chearful to the world, when there was but little gladneſs at his heart: and beſides, he had a fixed and favourite inclination to overcome in his retirement, which was difficult indeed. Often did he fail in his firſt attempts—with double vigor he renewed them. What he had endured rendered him more eager to obtain the victory, while it had debilitated him in the purſuits of it. Grief had broke his uſual flow of ſpirits, and unfitted him, in a great meaſure, for the pleaſures of ſociety. Owing to the biaſs of his mind, at this juncture, and the cloudineſs of his temper, every company, however ſocial or diſpoſed to relieve him, appeared irkſome; and every ſcene unpleaſant. He was now of a penſive turn, and apt to increaſe the weight of his misfortunes by brooding too much over them. He always had an unhappy turn of prophecying rather evil than good concerning himſelf. The abſurdity of this he confeſſed, yet could by

no means get the better of it. Life had ever appeared to him a chequered ſcene of toils and cares, more to be called a thorny maze than a pleaſant vale. He neither loved nor hated it, but wiſhed ſo to act his part that he might die in peace. To him, he complained, it had been but a wretched inn, for he would never deign to call it his dwelling place, where his accommodation had been ſo extremely poor. Poſſeſſed with this idea, he laid his account with inconveniencies, which therefore touched him the leſs when they came.

This mode of reaſoning, though proper and juſt, failed of producing the end propoſed. He could not regain his wonted hilarity and jocund humour. In gloomy ſolitude and corroding anguiſh he ſpent the day, muſing upon his own lot, and the vanity of life in general: and his nights paſſed heavily away in broken ſlumbers and anxious dreams, chiefly ariſing from thoſe ſubjects which ſo much diſtracted him when awaked. At this period

he

he ſought the ſhade and ſequeſtered vale more than ever, though with another view, and from different motives than before. Time had been when he went thither to enjoy what pleaſed him beſt; now it was to reflect upon what pained him moſt. A ray of comfort ſometimes broke in upon his mind, and baniſhed, at leaſt for a time, each uneaſy thought. Though unhappy at preſent, he flattered himſelf with a reverſe of fortune.

Then many joys are yet laid up in ſtore,
For thee, my ſoul; though wretched now in love;
And ſhe perhaps her falſeneſs ſhall deplore,
And feel from others what for her I prove.
Why then ſhouldſt thou torment thyſelf, my mind?
And not with equal obſtinacy ſtrive,
Some ſtubborn cure for hopeleſs love to find;
Heav'n will aſſiſt, and kindly bids thee live.
I aſk not ſhe ſhould love for love return,
Or her inconſtant thoughts to me confine.
Ye Powers! O quench that fire in which I burn,
And ſince her flames are dead extinguiſh mine.

SAY.

By cheriſhing ſuch ſentiments one would be apt to think that he had ſcarcely for-

given her, her fault, ſince he wiſhed ſhe ſhould experience from another what he had from her. To remove this foreſeen objection, he uſed to ſay, that what he meant by this was, that ſomething ſimilar ſhould ſo far affect her, as to bring her to a due ſenſe of her guilt, and force her to acknowledge that important truth, which ſhe now denied; becauſe this would confirm his aſſertions, and in part atone for what he had undergone in the maintenance of them. Let me but hear her confeſs the truth, and I am ſatisfied. This wiſh was perfectly conſiſtent with the moſt extenſive charity—and yet inſeparable from a regard to character and honour.

Clitander's temper taking a melancholy turn, pained his friends exceedingly, who long before the period of which we immediately ſpeak, dreaded the worſt effects might follow, ſince, unleſs removed, even his healthy and vigorous conſtitution would by degrees give way.

It is not eaſy to ſay how many and ſevere his ſufferings on this occaſion were: for ſo

baſe

baſe was Morſonus, and ſo pointed his rage, that to blacken Clitander, and gain belief to his own tale, he, with the greateſt diligence, and not a little expence, ſearched back his whole life, heightened each youthful levity into an immorality, and by his intereſted tale-bearers left no ſcheme untried, which but promiſed to ſully the fame of this ill-fated youth. Each free and liberal ſentiment which could be collected, as coming from him, was conſtrued in the worſt light, and common jeſts, by an inſidious and unjuſt turn given to them, were held forth as ridicule upon ſerious matters. He told a ſtory with peculiar humour, and was quick in diſcerning the peculiarity of a ſpeech or character. A very ſimple tale from his mouth appeared entertaining. This Morſonus wiſhed to be underſtood as an impropriety in his clerical character. The auſterity and outward ſolemnity affixed hereto in that kingdom, was greatly aſſiſting to this intention of Morſonus, eſpecially when contraſted with the briſkneſs

and vivacity of Clitander. The moſt learned and reſpectable among the clergy, have ſhaken off Dutch gravity and formal moroſeneſs from their manners as well as their diſcourſes, yet numbers pique themſelves upon theſe repelling powers, and the lower claſſes of people, who either cannot, or do not think for themſelves, rate their veneration for their miniſter, juſt in proportion to the quantity of religious grimace and pedantic ſtiffneſs, by them accounted dignity, which he poſſeſſeth. Clitander's ſhare of theſe was exceeding ſmall, which Morſonus improved to the utmoſt againſt him.

Owing to the ſurpriſing affability and pleaſing behaviour of this unhappy young man, he was admired by the lower ranks of people, as much as he was eſteemed by the politer ſort. He had obtained popularity without ever having ſought for it: and that ſo firmly as rendered it impoſſible to deprive him of it, notwithſtanding its natural inſtability, unleſs by almoſt imperceptible degrees. The difficulty of the enterprize did

did not diſcourage Morſonus, who conjectured, that by perſiſting he might be ſucceſsful. He not only, with malice in his heart, examined every doubtful part of Clitander's paſt conduct, but as from thence he could collect nothing adequate to his deſign, he encouraged two or three young gentlemen, whom it is true Clitander had too eaſily admitted into the number of his companions, to uſe their acquaintance with him, ſo as that by the ſubjects diſcourſed of, they might have ſome pretext for reporting that he had ſpoken in wrath or bitterneſs againſt Amanda, or againſt her friends in particular; or had upon the whole ſpoke raſhly, or acted improperly.

All this Clitander bore, though not without the moſt anxious diſquietude. His ſenſibility was vaſtly hurt by the nature of the trial which it hereby endured. And though, perhaps, the united product of theſe devices leſſened him not in the opinion of thoſe who thoroughly knew

him, yet they no doubt injured him in the opinion of thoſe who did not.

In the eyes of many this diabolical conduct of Morſonus appeared deſpicable to the laſt degree. Thoſe who thought upon the matter, ſaid he was fighting againſt himſelf, and allowing his ſagacity in buſineſs to be never ſo great, concluded his fooliſhneſs, in the preſent caſe, to be no leſs conſpicuous. Suppoſe him, ſaid they, ſucceſsful in leading Clitander into ſcrapes, perhaps ſomewhat inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt ſobriety, what does he gain by it? Whom does he injure? Only the man whoſe connection with his daughter the world believes, and whoſe claim upon her he hath taken no ſteps to diſannul.

That every man hath a friend does not always appear; that every man hath a foe is for the moſt part pretty evident. Morſonus had many enemies. His pride of ſoul—confidence in his riches—and barbarity of manners, could not fail to create many of that caſt. Theſe concealed not his

his faults upon this occaſion; but were as careful in divulging them to Clitander, as his creatures were in ſearching out thoſe of Clitander. Did it make for the main end of this narration, and had it not the ſemblance of retaliation, I could ſuch tales unfold as would freeze the young blood, and make each particular hair of the head ſtand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine: but I forbear, ſince it would be acting contrary to the inclination and example of Clitander, who, notwithſtanding the various reports brought to him, refuſed, at that time, to rehearſe one of them. He could not but liſten to them, and wonder that a character ſo vaſtly imperfect, ſhould take ſuch pleaſure in tracing out the foibles of another. Nevertheleſs, he aſſerted that it was beneath his dignity, and incongruous to his ſpirit, to enter the liſts with Morſonus upon ſuch ignoble terms, with ſuch deſpicable, however keen-edged weapons. Conſcious of his own integrity, he ſmiled at the efforts of Morſonus, and pitied the

man whoſe ruling paſſion was pride built upon ignorance; and whoſe motive to action was revenge, that frailty incident to enraged and ſickly minds, that can only dwell in little ſouls, who are unable to ſurmount an injury, and too weak to bear an affront.

It was talked that Morſonus had conſulted lawyers upon the ſubject. Clitander had, in the commencement of the quarrel, ſtated the matter as it then ſtood, which an amiable young gentleman, a friend of his, tranſmitted to Edinum, and from his correſpondent there received an explicit and prudent anſwer, which, had things remained as they then were, was perfectly definitive. Other circumſtances rendered further counſel requiſite.

It is certain Morſonus carried Amanda to Edinum, where the higheſt courts of judicature in that kingdom are held, that the gentlemen of the long robe, by aſking queſtions of herſelf, might be the more able to adviſe. This was abſolutely neceſſary, becauſe there having been ſo little inter-

intervention of witneſſes, much depended upon the nature of the obligation; the form of their procedure at Clutha—the ſtyle in which the letters are conceived, and very much upon the adherence of the parties. Either of them drawing back, if it did not invalidate the deed, would unqueſtionably much perplex the adhering party. Amanda now poſitively refuſed adherence.—And how to decide the point, or in what light to conſider it, puzzled even lawyers themſelves: Their uniform opinion was, that Amanda's retracting leſſened not the force of her own writings againſt herſelf.

About this time it was whiſpered that Morſonus intended to bring the cauſe before the Commiſſary Court, the proper one for ſuch actions in that kingdom, and that Clitander might lay his account with receiving a ſummons ſoon to appear there. Clitander had two points in view—firſt, to eſtabliſh the proofs of a relation once ſubſiſting between Amanda and him—this he owed the world and his own cha-

racter. This he had done before the four arbitrators who had met upon the buſineſs: and this he meant to renew before whatever court it ſhould come. The other was in the leaſt expenſive manner he could to have that relation diſſolved, and his liberty regained: and this laſt he no leſs deſired than either Morſonus or the now faithleſs Amanda.

Upon learning the intentions of Morſonus, he judged it time to think of preparation: ſince his adverſary was in the field, he ſet about trying the edge of his weapons of defence. He ſtated the caſe with all imaginable juſtneſs and accuracy; ſubjoined proper queries, and laid the whole before the learned profeſſor of laws in the univerſity of Clutha, diſtinguiſhed for his late valuable Diſſertations upon the ſubordination of ranks in Civil Society. After mature deliberation, his opinion was, that Clitander had ſufficient grounds to proſecute for adherence if he thought proper.

Fuorgo, a diſtinguiſhed ſpeaker in the Caledonian courts, and ſtill more remarkable

able for the benevolence of his heart, and the variety of good offices which the number of his connections, his great intereſt, and independent fortune enable him to do; was alſo acquainted of this affair. Clitander was at the univerſity of Clutha, when Fuorgo flouriſhed there, and by his oratory in the ſmall philoſophical ſocieties there eſtabliſhed, gave intimations of what he would be. Nay even there, by the part he acted, he ſhowed that he would triumph in defending injured merit, and relieving thoſe who becauſe indigent, were inſulted and oppreſſed. Upon this point being ſtated to him, he gave counſel thereon, in a long friendly letter which he wrote to Clitander, and was of the ſame mind with the ingenious profeſſor.

Claurinus another famous and juſtly admired ſpeaker; Craggus a judicious and promiſing young lawyer, beſides many others of different ranks in law departments were all conſulted by Clitander. None of them knew of the others being employed—each anſwered the queries—their ſeparate

anſwers

anſwers all correſponded—the caſe ſeemed doubtful to none of them—and the evidence of what had been aſſerted irrefragable.

This rendered Clitander more eaſy and ſecure, and put him on a level with Morſonus, who had gone ſo far for proper counſel. He with his daughter returned from the capital city—each perſon acquainted with the journey was curious to know the iſſue of it. But nothing tranſpired, a ſure ſign the encouragement given him by the lawyers had not been great. And if the client have money enough to ſpend, it muſt be a bad cauſe indeed, in which they will not give encouragement. If reports be true—they reaſoned with him after this ſort. You declare that you will never conſent to Clitander's having your daughter; yet your publicly ſuing him ſuppoſes that you wiſh him for your ſon-in-law, or you wiſh a divorce between him and your daughter. If you ever mean him to be your ſon-in-law, your reſentment has carried you too far; and if you

wiſh

wiſh a divorce ſhould take place, you muſt firſt prove a marriage; for where there has been no marriage, there can be no divorce. Now a marriage is what you and Amanda by no means wiſh to eſtabliſh; what foundation then have you for an action againſt Clitander? Indeed ſo publicly is this affair known, that its iſſue muſt neceſſarily be ſo too; and ſuch is the nature of the civil and eccleſiaſtical laws of this kingdom, that it will be no eaſy matter to have the claim of Clitander upon Amanda reduced, or to have the knot which binds them looſed.

Turning then to this ſweet damſel, they aſked her—Are you married? No! replied Amanda. You deny his ſleeping with you?—Yes. You acknowledge the having ſigned the obligation or contract? Yes. That you wrote thoſe letters wherein you call him your huſband, and ſubſcribe yourſelf to be his wife? Yes. But here the father interrupted the interrogators, by remarking that Clitander gave her copies of them. Produce theſe copies, ſaid the lawyers.

lawyers. Neither Morſonus nor Amanda ſaid they could. Then your ſaying he gave her copies of them goes for nothing. What can you poſſibly mean, madam?—From that contract—from theſe letters, together with ſeveral additional illuſtrations of the fact mentioned, mankind will yield their aſſent to the truth, in ſpite of the moſt pertinacious denial you can make. Morſonus again interrupted them thus—Clitander's ſmooth inſinuating addreſſes, prevailed with my too credulous child.—What a ſilly argument is that, ſaid the lawyers! All women are allured to marriage either by the proſpect of ſuperior fortune—or of connections—by perſonal qualities—or by perſuaſion. Your child, as you call her, is beyond the years, during which, according to the laws of this kingdom, minors cannot in a legal ſenſe act for themſelves. And if it was by perſuaſion ſhe was gained—it is one of the only four poſſible ways whereby ſhe could be gained. I do not know, ſays the father, if the letters are hers at all: It is ſtrange, ſaid

ſaid the lawyers, that you never thought of this aſſertion till now. How comes it about that you never hinted ſuch a ſuſpicion to the four arbitrators? Then was the time to have advanced it. But we are told, each of the four gentlemen then aſſembled, are willing to depoſe, that you entirely acquieſced to their being all her hand writing: nay, that you poſitively acknowledged it; and remarked that you thought that ſhe might have been better employed in reading her Bible, than writing letters of that kind. After all, if you ſuſpect they are not genuine, why do you not attempt to prove it? But beware, leſt to avoid a leſſer inconvenience you plunge into enormous guilt. It is not more a difficult than ſolemn matter to prove a forgery. Your daughter Amanda muſt be interrogated in open court by Clitander himſelf, and even ſuppoſing that the judges ſuſtain the various anſwers ſhe makes to all his queries—ſhe muſt upon her bare bended knee before the court lay one hand oppoſite to her heart, the other upon a Bible, and

wiſh

wiſh that all the curſes in that book may light upon her in time and eternity, if ever ſhe wrote one of theſe letters. She knows beſt whether with ſafety ſhe could go that length—and from what you as the father already know, would you ſubmit to your Amanda's taking ſuch a dreadful oath? He ſaid it was ſo awful he did not know if he would; and it was reported, that Amanda trembled on her ſeat, while the lawyer repeated the form. No! No! my dear father, cried ſhe! I am willing to pleaſe you in every reſpect—I have ſacrificed virtue and honour to your ſovereign will, for which my conſcience now and then upbraids me. O do not prompt me to do that which will effectually ruin my already guilty ſoul in the world to come.

Upon this the lawyers requeſted them to go home, and ſtrive, if poſſible, to be reconciled to the injured Clitander, which if he diſdains, endeavour to perſuade him to ſay nothing further upon the ſubject. Your only ſecurity, and indeed intereſt, lies in this. For really this matter hath

not

not only hurt Amanda, but in the opinion of many may affect your other daughters. No doubt one daughter's having done amiſs, is no reaſon why the others ſhould bear the puniſhment; yet however unjuſtifiable or wrong, there are perhaps not a few, who will not chuſe alliance with a family, concerning the eldeſt daughter of which ſo many things have been ſaid, which it ſeems cannot be refuted.

The holy Levite, whom the reader may recollect to have been already introduced to his acquaintance, converſed occaſionally with Clitander, pretended concern for his misfortunes, for which he ſaid he had the greater ſympathy, becauſe he had come through a very diſtreſſing ſcene, previous to his own marriage, ſomewhat analogous to that of Clitander: and aſſumed the maſk of friendſhip, only, that under this ſacred veil he might learn his future intentions, and tranſmit them to Morſonus. This Levite had in his younger days paid his addreſſes to a lady, whoſe father by no means approved of him: however the

correſpondence was kept up by the lovers. Many letters paſſed between them, and long ones they would have been, had not the tolling of the church bell often interrupted the parſon, which in poſtſcripts, he uſed to complain of to his dear Dulcinea. But one luckleſs day—an old aunt, or ſome of thoſe antiquated females, who engaged in no intrigues themſelves, are the more curious to pry into thoſe of others, diſcovered a bundle of the parſon's letters, and curioſities they were; this irritated the father, and was the occaſion of conſiderable diſtreſs to the love-ſick Maſs John. A recollection of what he then endured, taught him, he ſaid, to pity Clitander. But Clitander's ſagacity could ſee his deſign—he knew the temper of the man, and was therefore upon his guard: He received his profeſſions of friendſhip politely—while he diſcloſed nothing to him.

His reverence was in this caſe a perfect Proteus, ſince, when in company with any of Clitander's friends, he highly cenſured Morſonus, declared himſelf aſtoniſhed at the

the behaviour of Amanda, remarked the impoſſibility of defending it by any other way, than aſcribing it to the influence of a father's threats, which made her to act as ſhe did; and declared that he felt for Clitander; which grief flowed from the ſame cauſe as tears from the crocodile; for when in company with the clients and creatures of Morſonus, he changed his note—blamed only Clitander—ſaid that he ought ſooner to have confeſſed the truth to the father, whoſe rage he excuſed, and even Amanda's behaviour, becauſe ſhe was young, and wiſhed now by any conceſſions to pleaſe her parent. Such trimming in a teacher of religion, I intreat the candid reader to give a name to.

Clitander permitted Honeſtus, and Gourockus, an eminent merchant in the town, and of unblemiſhed reputation, to wait upon the parſon, and ſhow him the original papers. He never called their authenticity in queſtion, but when Gourockus propoſed drinking to the young couple's health, and aſked what they ſhould call

Amanda,

Amanda, he inſtantly replied, what ſhe calls herſelf, Mrs. T——. By this name he with the two gentlemen drunk to her health, confeſſed the reality of the relation —the juſt foundation of their intimacy— the difficulty attending a ſeparation—the riſk any clergyman would run in marrying her to another, unleſs there was a final deciſion at law—wiſhed he knew what to do to reconcile the parties, and in various articles of converſation, yet all upon the ſame ſubject, ſpent the evening.

Gourockus related the above, with every word that paſſed to Clitander; and this gentleman's veracity he knew to be indiſputable.

That the reader may have a juſt notion of this ſtrange perſonage, know, that but a few days after this interview, being in company with two other gentlemen, of well known integrity, who told me this particular themſelves; he drunk Amanda's health by the name of Miſs R———. If this was not prevarication, I confeſs myſelf a ſtranger to the meaning of the term.

Convinced

Convinced however by the clearneſs and fulneſs of the evidence, and yet unwilling to eſpouſe the cauſe of truth, ſince it did not coincide with that of intereſt; he intentionally ſhunned Clitander, railed againſt him in every company; but had neither the honeſty nor courage to attack himſelf upon the point, much leſs had he the charity to admoniſh or reprove him. Had he truly underſtood the ſyſtem of morals he pretended to teach, he would have found a very explicite rule, with regard to an offending brother, previous to declaring open war againſt him. He would have learnt that this was never to take place, except when the offender was incorrigible. But this was not the only part of the Chriſtian ſyſtem, in direct oppoſition to which his reverence acted.

About this time Camellus, who had much intereſted himſelf for Clitander, aſked him to the baptiſm of his child, which the parſon was to perform. He rejoiced in the opportunity of facing one of his moſt inſidious adverſaries—was

ſpirited

ſpirited in every ſentiment he uttered—and eagerly wiſhed to lead the parſon naturally into converſation on the ſubject—who wiſely declined the argument, and having nothing to ſay, as ſoon as he could left the company. But though this eccleſiaſtical gew-gaw had not ſpirit to attack him openly, or candour to diſcourſe in private with him, yet he was ſo zealous to ſerve Morſonus, who had contributed largely to making up the 300 l. preſent, who had made ſeveral to all his family, and from whom he expected more, that to ſhow himſelf deſerving of them, he hunted about to find out every private occurrence relative to Clitander. Nay he even went to an amiable young lady, who had been then for the ſpace of two years confined to her bed, by a complication of diſorders, which baffled the power of medicine. Clitander being a favourite, was often in her company, and this was enough to make the parſon ſuſpect ſhe might know ſomething. Under the pretext of viſiting her in a clerical capacity, he turned the

diſcourſe upon the ſo much talked of amour, and finding he could not extract ſecrets from her, endeavoured to prejudice her againſt him. The engaging, though afflicted young lady, informed Clitander the next time ſhe ſaw him, of the devices of his reverence, judiciouſly remarking upon their meanneſs and baſeneſs.

The reader has only to reflect upon the character and temper of Clitander, to be ſenſible, how theſe things muſt affect him. Now he perceived a kind of univerſal conſpiracy formed to injure him. As Morſonus reſolutely ſupported his daughter, under the infamy which oppreſſed her, and kept his enmity unabated; the generality of people in the town where this unfortunate affair happened, began to drop off from the ſide of Clitander, which they after all confeſſed to be that of truth, and either to appear neutral, or intereſted for Morſonus or Amanda; the connections of trade, prevailing over thoſe of friendſhip. The coolneſs and reſerve, with which many now behaved towards this

young man, and the diſtance which ſeveral kept, that but a little before courted his company, reſulted wholly from this ſource. To ſee the malice of his adverſary, have ſuch a viſible influence upon the circle of his acquaintance, pained him much. Was it not for diſobliging the captain, (meaning Morſonus) ſaid this one and the other, I would have had Clitander preſent upon ſuch and ſuch an occaſion. But Morſonus has been always ſo obliging to me in the way of mutual dealings in trade, that it cannot be expected I ſhould hazard his diſpleaſure, which he has repeatedly averred, all do, who give the ſmalleſt encouragement or countenance to Clitander. He wiſhes earneſtly that he was out of this place, hopes to make him weary of it, by throwing every poſſible obſtacle in the way of his felicity, and declares how happy he would be if Clitander was to go to America, without leaving behind him any public vindication of himſelf. Then he hopes he might ſoon die in that climate, an event which would be moſt agreeable to him: Even

Even if that did not happen, Morſonus might artfully propagate ſuch a report, and in either caſe get his daughter married, beſides gaining more credit to his own account of the connection, as Clitander's diſtance from his native country, would prevent its being in his power ſo ſpeedily or fully to contradict him. Such an account the partizans of Morſonus give of his inclinations and wiſhes; while by their peculiar mode of behaviour, they did all in their power to gratify and accompliſh them.

Clitander went to no place, and entered no company, which did not echo his fatal ſtory. That town wherein he had ſpent ſome of the moſt chearful hours of his life, by recalling them to his remembrance, and contraſting them with his preſent ſtate, augmented his woe. It even galled him to breathe the ſame air with Morſonus, to overcome whoſe prejudices againſt him, he had to no purpoſe tried every poſſible expedient, and whoſe unabating paſſion he now rather deſpiſed than

dreaded: and more wiſhed for a final ſeparation from him, than a cloſer alliance. Nor could he endure running the riſk of meeting Amanda in company, an object once ſo dear, now ſo fatal to him. Even in church—where owing to their reſpective ſeats, the view was direct, they could not refrain from darting glances at each other, in doing which they often met each others eyes, which muſt certainly have been the moſt exquiſite torture to both of them. Notwithſtanding all their caution, they frequently met each other; and when they did ſo, their bluſhes and confuſion were eaſily diſcerned. For love, like nature, however diſguiſed by art, will be often re-aſſuming its proper form.

On Amanda's ſpirits the whole matter had no effect; ſhe was as gay—as chearful as uſual—and wanted only the invitation to enter into new ſchemes of galantry; but to her poignant regret, the opportunities for embarking in them did not occur ſo frequently as heretofore. Her company was now much avoided by her

own ſex, and neglected by the other, in all public places of genteel reſort. In her ſituation, which every one thought diſagreeable, if not infamous, except her father and herſelf, many ladies would have of their own accord ſhunned theſe places. Not ſo Amanda!—She regularly attended every ball and aſſembly, though the ſtewards were often at the greateſt difficulty to find her a partner. Too little time had as yet intervened, ſince the commiſſion of her crime, to leſſen the abhorrence of it, or perſonal contempt of her, in the breaſt of young gentlemen of ſpirit. They preſſed not as before to confeſs themſelves her ſlaves, and pay her the other compliments of adulation. But this kind of averſion, eſpecially when youth and beauty is the object of it, wears off imperceptibly: For what will not time obliterate? Men, ſhe ſaid, were fickle in their behaviour, as well as whimſical in their taſte, and ſhe doubted not to ſee the pleaſant days return, when her amorous eyes, and attractive ſmiles, would once more gain her admirers,

who would own no inſpiration but from her.

Different was the effect it had on Clitander. Like a gangrene it gnawed at his vitals, and diſturbed his reſt. In vain he ſtrove to forget the treacherous maid.

Too falſe Amanda! and his love too ſtrong,
That ſtill purſued in vain the treach'rous maid:
To whom ner love nor goodneſs did belong,
But with inconſtancy his truth repaid.

Diſcontent mingled its poiſonous juice with every remaining enjoyment, and gloomy melancholy overſpread that temper which before ſcarce knew a cloud. Even the ſenſible and ingenious letters of Amicus, who kept an uninterrupted correſpondence with him, during every revolution in the affair, frequently miſſed of their end, which was to relieve, to enliven, and comfort him.

Honeſtus and Camellus, with his other unchanged acquaintance, did every thing in their power to chear their drooping and dejected friend, but all in vain. Life he could not be ſaid to enjoy. The grief of his friends for him, increaſed his load of

ſuffering,

ſuffering, and therefore he conſidered every part of the world as equal to him, ſince he was to be torn from them, and this he muſt be, if he was to leave the place, where, to ſpeak in the lovers ſtile, he once had been ſupremely bleſt, but was now extremely miſerable.

However, in ſpite of all the ſlander and calumny wherewith Morſonus had artfully beſpattered him, the attachment of thoſe moſt intimate with him ſtill remained in priſtine force. In his clerical capacity he was connected with a ſmall ſociety, each member of which had the moſt tender regard for him. To leſſen this reſpect and eſteem, Morſonus attempted every poſſible ſcheme, and was fretted uncommonly, to perceive all of them ineffectual. To a man they were unalterably attached to Clitander, and heartily curſed the occaſions of his uneaſineſs. He had hinted to them his intentions of leaving them—this alarmed them exceedingly, and made them re-double their ſolicitations for his continuance. Part with him they would

not—they ſaid they could not, and be happy. At their moſt preſſing importunity, aided by the advice of his other friends, he conſented to ſtay ſix months more. The arguments uſed to convince him were ſuch as theſe. Your leaving this place juſt now, ſaid they, would furniſh a ſpecious, and too eaſy got triumph, to your unrelenting enemy. He would rejoice to think his influence in the town was ſo univerſal, as that you could under his diſpleaſure, by no means live happily in it. Convince him of his miſtake, and ſhow him that your friends are the ſame, and your chearfulneſs and contentment independent of either him or Amanda. Cultivate in ſome reſpects another acquaintance than formerly, and baniſh Amanda entirely from your thoughts and affections; and form ſome new connection, that will promiſe you real and more permanent happineſs; unleſs what you have experienced, hath ſickened you of female attachments, which would likewiſe be acting improperly, ſince the whole ſex ought not

to ſuffer for the perfidy of one. The beſt and ſureſt way to get rid of reflections concerning that jilting nymph, is intenſely to purſue ſome tender fair, more conſtant and virtuous than her. Thus they reaſoned with him, partly ſerious, and partly in a jocular ſtrain.

During the time he had conſented to ſpend with them, the helliſh emiſſaries of Morſonus watched every opportunity to enſnare his affable temper, beguile his unſuſpecting heart, and to miſinterpret his, alas! too open converſation. For the greateſt foible of Clitander was, and ever had been, the judging of others indiſcriminately by the ſtandard of his own honeſty, and the being too little upon his guard, againſt the crafty deſigns of malicious, envious, and intereſted perſons. He did not advert to the common maxim, namely, that the confidence, which merit puts in thoſe who are not the poſſeſſors of it, generally produces envy, and leads to the ſordid pleaſure of ſullying, what

they cannot, or are unwilling to imitate. Inſtead of ſuſpecting every man's honeſty till he proved it, which, as mankind now are, is by far the ſafeſt rule to go by, he preſumed on every man's integrity, till he found the contrary to his own coſt. To whoever pretended himſelf a friend, he was apt to unboſom himſelf; a very injudicious manner of proceeding, it muſt be owned, yet a caſe, in which I frankly acknowledge myſelf to be ſo much upon Clitander's ſyſtem, that I would rather be the deceived, than the deceiver, though to be neither is certainly beſt. The one ſhows an exceſs of good nature, which is but an infirmity incident to humanity, and conſiſtent with perfect rectitude of morals —the other ſhows a vicious principle lurking in the breaſt, and originates from the devil. This weakneſs in Clitander, aroſe not from any deficiency in his knowledge of the world, but from an inability, the effect of inattention, to reduce that knowledge to practice, and from his candour

dour towards mankind, which prompted him to hope, that though deceived in one or two, he would not be in all, therefore too long continued the dangerous experiment.

PART IV.

IN the country, where this curious ſtory, of which we treat, happened, the laws againſt clergymen's being ever intoxicated with liquor, are not only ſevere, as they ought to be, but alſo put in execution. If the fact can be proved againſt them, they are liable to cenſure from the inferior courts of their brethren, if not to ſuſpenſion from their office. Upon the whole, indeed, inebriety is a kind of national vice among the mechanical and lower ranks of people. To entrap Clitander, if poſſible, in this way, was a deep laid plan, and what had been concerted for a long time. In two inſtances the partizans of Morſonus preſumed they were ſucceſsful. If their report be true, Clitander was overtaken, nor was that ſlip concealed. Strange it may ſeem, yet true it is, that the greateſt pretenders to religion poſſeſs the leaſt of its genuine ſpirit. Many of theſe religious bigots are the moſt inquiſitive into the private

private faults of others, who if aſked their reaſon will tell you, that it is from a concern for religion, and to expoſe what is improper in its profeſſors. But the futility of ſuch arguments, is as evident, as the contracted ſpirit and illiberal notions whence they proceed: Can he be a real friend to virtue, and a promoter of ſanctity of life, who rejoices in divulging what is contrary thereto, more eſpecially when the ſuppoſed irregularities are in a public character, and the truth of them no way aſcertained? To hear a man, were it even to be a reverend doctor, defaming the character of a brother, when he has no better foundation for it than common report, and yet laying claim to a religious character, is to the laſt degree abſurd: If there is no obligation upon us to diſcloſe our private faults, unleſs to the Supreme Being, provided our neighbour hath not been injured in any reſpect by them, then with what face can he pretend to be ſerviceable to his Maker? whoſe delight is to find out the little miſcarriages of another, and whoſe

whoſe pleaſure is to retail them in public. It is a common ſaying, that the clergy are fond of power, and a juſt remark, that the leſs they poſſeſs, the better for ſociety: might we not add, to religion itſelf; ſince perhaps few things have expoſed it more to the ſcorn and deriſion of free-thinkers, than the arbitrary deciſions, and cenſorious humour of its teachers, under the niceſt affectation of ſuperior piety, and goodneſs.

Whether the parſon who had often wiſhed to meet with ſomething ſpecious, which would militate againſt Clitander, knew of the premeditated plots, we ſhall not venture to ſay, but he ſeemed vaſtly happy at the occurrence; and as it was the moſt ſucceſsful engine employed againſt him, I hold it to be the duty of an impartial narrator of facts, a character which I aſſumed in the commencement of this recital, and have hitherto preſerved, to examine theſe two inſtances with conſiderable minuteneſs.

The

The firſt was as follows. Clitander upon ſettling an account with Florio, the young gentleman connected in trade with Morſonus, who had promiſed to be a ſpy upon Clitander, received an invitation from him to take a glaſs with him after dinner. Diſcourſe upon the old ſubject followed—the evening approached—it was propoſed they ſhould ſup with one or two more, who by this time had joined their company, in that tavern, where they then were. This young ſpark took care that none ſhould come into the room, but thoſe who were in the intereſt of Morſonus. One of them indeed called Linſæus, was an honeſt hearted merchant, whoſe friendſhip Clitander had experienced on a former occaſion, conſequently did not ſuſpect him. The other two who had come in with him, were more dark and deſigning, though they appeared equally ſincere as Florio, who had endeavoured all along to preſerve the good opinion of Clitander. This ſocial company, five in number, ſpent the evening together, and briſkly puſhed round

the

the glaſs. They ſung—it was ſaid danced—and were innocently merry. At parting, two of them accompanied Clitander to his lodgings, where he inſiſted on their drinking another glaſs with him. Having ſat about an hour in his company, they left him. But oh! how was he ſurprized next day, to hear it rumoured that he had been intoxicated, and every act that had paſſed, told in ſuch a manner as to ſeem a proof thereof—Not a word had he ſpoke, but to his diſadvantage was repeated — which could not have been the caſe, had they been repeated in the ſame order, and connection in which he ſpoke. A very ſmall alteration will alter the propriety of ſentiments, much more of words. To carry tales out of private companies, which may affect the intereſt or reputation of any of the company, is a contemptible action. He is an uſurper of the name of gentleman, who can be guilty of it. Beſides, will not the wretch who practiſes this, with the ſame aſſurance miſrepreſent the various particulars, as it happens to ſuit his purpoſe,

poſe. The partition between a tale bearer and a tale inventor is extremely thin, and the one almoſt naturally reſults from the other. For

Slander, the worſt of poiſons, ever finds,
An eaſy entrance in ignoble minds.

HAR. JUV.

The other inſtance more ſingular and complicated was as follows. The ſame Florio who conducted the laſt plot, after ſtriving to free himſelf of the injuſtice and acts of baſeneſs, wherewith Clitander upbraided him, begged as a ſingular favour, that he would overlook the matter; and as a proof of his having forgiven it, ſup next evening at another tavern with him, and a few friends. Clitander ſaw the impropriety of conſenting at any rate, but the eaſineſs of his temper at length prevailed; to the earneſt ſolicitations of Florio he yielded; but determined to be ſo much upon his guard, that he would put it out of their power to catch one improper expreſſion, granting they watched for

for it. This conduct of his, is by no means to be commended, nay is worthy of cenſure, ſince it was directly oppoſite to the precepts of wiſdom and prudence, which upon no occaſion enjoin their votaries to run into temptation, with a view of ſhowing their virtue in overcoming it. In this caſe, true honour conſiſts in flight, for the greater diſtance we keep, the ſafer we are. At this time there happened to be in the town a young Caledonian, who had lately come from England as a licentiate in divinity. Finding ſome difficulty to get into orders in his own country, he prevailed with a young lady to whom he paid his addreſſes, to ſupply him with money for the expedition—upon a promiſe of marrying her, if he was ſucceſsful—and ſet out for England, where among the diſſenters he got into orders. He returned to his own country, a moſt alarming preacher, I mean only on account of the nonſenſe which he talked. Nature had given him a moſt retentive memory, with ſcarce one grain of judgment, which, being

being evident to every one; and ſome other things of a ſtill worſe nature coming to light, after rambling about, courting popularity for about three or four months; rendered it prudent in him to abſcond. In theſe his days of ſun-ſhine, the anecdote we narrate happened. That very evening Clitander was to ſup with the party mentioned before, this gentleman with a companion of his inſiſted on Clitander's ſpending an hour with them. In the courſe of drinking a few glaſſes he propoſed Mrs. T—— as a toaſt. Without heſitation Clitander named the toaſt—bowed to the giver of it—and drunk his glaſs. He well knew this gentleman was in an intrigue ſimilar to his own, with only this difference, that he was the party who behaved ſhamefully; whereas in that of Clitander's own it was Amanda; therefore he paid him back in his own coin, by naming as a toaſt in his turn Mrs. A——n. The preacher thought proper to refuſe the toaſt, which in that country is reckoned a high affront to the giver.—Clitander inſiſted

ſiſted he ſhould drink it, and obſerved the impropriety of refuſing another's when his own had been accepted. Inſtead of complying, by way of contempt he threw his glaſs in the fire. Upon which Clitander's wrath aroſe, he declared that ſuch rudeneſs was intolerable, that it argued him who could be guilty thereof, a low and deſpicable animal, beneath the contempt even of a man of ſpirit, who at the ſame time ought to be puniſhed in a way correſponding to his behaviour. He bolted the door—took up the bowl—and proteſted that unleſs he drank the toaſt, which had been named, he would force him to drink every drop it contained. The preacher's companion, who was a country ſquire, and poſſeſſed juſt underſtanding enough to abuſe the wealth which his induſtrious father had amaſſed, ſeeing what was likely to happen ſprung from his ſeat, and rather roughly pulled Clitander back. Irritated at which, and no way daunted, becauſe there were two to one, he for a moment ſet down the bowl, ſnatched up his cane,

cane, and made ſuch a willing and intenſe application of it to this ſquire's ſhoulders, that upon being threatened with another ſuch, if he intermeddled more, he choſe rather to ſit down in calmneſs, and examine the effects of the firſt. In the mean time Clitander reſumed his demand upon the preacher, who obſerving the various arguments Clitander dealt in, to elude the force of ſome of them, thought proper to ſubmit. The point being gained, Clitander, after upbraiding them with their rudeneſs and incivility, inſtantly retired; both becauſe he thought them unworthy of his company, and that he might keep his promiſe with the other gentlemen.

Being perfectly unaccuſtomed to ſuch ſcenes as the above, when he joined the other company, Clitander's ſpirits were in great agitation. This was the firſt broil of the kind he had been in from his boyiſh years, which though on cool reflection he was ſorry for, yet he judged, that ſeveral circumſtances would excuſe his inſiſting poſitively

poſitively upon his right on the above emergency.

He was not a little ſurprized upon entering the room, to find that Tarpaulus, and the very perſon whom he chiefly ſuſpected for proclaiming the former affair, with ſome more of a like ſtamp compoſed the company. Linſæus, it is true, was one of them, but of him he entertained a better opinion than of any of the reſt. He knew that if there were enough of good victuals and plenty of old wine, Linſæus would be happy, and he hoped undeſigning. However a ſight of all their faces, with the above accident ſo much confuſed him, that the company enquired what was the matter with him. He narrated the whole adventure with the preacher; at which they all laughed exceedingly, and commended his ſpirit, while they admired, or rather affected to admire, his cool intrepidity. After ſupper they reſumed the particulars of the preceding adventure, which neceſſarily introduced a converſation upon the old ſtory.

Tarpaulus

Tarpaulus being preſent, Clitander improved the opportunity of expoſing the characters of the friends of Morſonus, making ſome very ſmart repartees to every thing ſaid by Tarpaulus, who attempted to juſtify the meaſures of this unthinking father, and obſerved with a good deal of aſperity the improper part which he as one of the arbitrators had acted. At the ſame time he declared his ſovereign contempt of Morſonus, with all his mean abettors; and his abſolute indifference about Amanda. After ſpending an hour or two in converſation, which he carried on not much to the ſatisfaction of the company, ſince it chiefly conſiſted of a recapitulation of their deceitful, or abſurd practices, he happened to ſicken—threw himſelf on a bed for a few minutes. Nor was this unuſual with him. From ſome conſtitutional complaints, he had for years before that been, and is to this day ſubject, to ſuch kind of ſickneſs: This was a lucky occurrence to the crafty Florio and Tarpaulus, who with the reſt of the company

pany ſilently withdrew—went home—and next morning proclaimed that Clitander had been again inebriated. Tarpaulus, who was the parſon's jack-all, ran to inform him of laſt night's tranſactions, knowing how happy he would be at the news.

For this beware the cunning low deſign,
That takes advantage of your rage or wine:
For rage no pauſe of cooler thought affords,
Is raſh, intemp'rate, headlong in its words.
Lock faſt your lips, then guard whate'er you ſay,
Leſt in the fit of paſſion you betray;
And dread the wretch who boaſts the fatal power,
To cheat in friendſhip's unſuſpecting hour.
Judge well of whom you ſpeak, nor will you find,
It always ſafe to tell each man your mind.
Even honeſty regard to ſafety owes,
Nor need it publiſh all it thinks or knows.

HAMILTON.

Theſe two inſtances of improper behaviour were publiſhed with the moſt earneſt aſſiduity. The inſincere profeſſors of religion delight in ſcandal. Such had now full ſcope given them in their moſt cruel exerciſe of murdering a public character. The intrigue itſelf was of ſuch an indiſputable

putable nature, that Morſonus perceiving the diſproving it to be impoſſible, greedily catched at theſe ſuppoſed indelicacies of behaviour, becauſe they were fuel for his turbulent paſſions, and might be made the inſtruments of his rage. Tarpaulus with his aſſociates mentioned a variety of ſpeeches as uttered by Clitander, which he ſolemnly declared were of their own compoſing. At firſt he had perceived the vaſt impropriety, but now he felt the direful effects of his having conſented to ſit down in that company, when he ſaw of what members it was compoſed. They were all his enemies; conſequently he truſted too much to himſelf, and the force of truth, (which even on ſome occaſions does not prevail) elſe he might have conjectured, they were too many for him. All their voices united, proved, at leaſt for a time, effectual to ſilence his aſſertions however true. If you believe Tarpaulus and that choice few, each word he ſpoke was an impropriety; though none but thoſe who were well known to be his enemies, ever pretended to ſay they perſonally heard Clitander carry on

an injudicious, much leſs an immoral converſation. Yet theſe two unhappy accidents were rumoured far and near, and ſpread with all the odious appendages, that could be fixed to them. There is nothing more certain, than that the fairer and more conſpicuous any character hath been, the faſter does ſcandal concerning it fly. Thoſe who have the feweſt faults are frequently the moſt cenſured, and venial errors often ſuffer the puniſhment which blackeſt crimes eſcape. To the accurate enquirers into human nature, the cauſes of this are evident. One obvious to the meaneſt capacity is, the thirſt of applauſe, and love of pre-heminence, which in ſome degree is natural to every man, and renders it painful for him to hear others praiſed for actions which he cannot, or will not perform; while it yields him a vicious pleaſure, to ſee thoſe once exalted above him reduced to a level with him: this indeed ſubjects them to his pity, which in idea ſinks them below him. How hard is the lot of humanity!—The inhabitants of the gloomy foreſt and frightful deſart have only to guard againſt thoſe of

a different ſpecies, whereas man, more ſavage than they, preys upon his brother, is in the greateſt danger from his own claſs, and often finds in the brute, that fidelity and friendſhip, of which his kinſman was void.

There is a luſt in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing his neighbour's ſhame;
On eagles wings immortal ſlanders fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
HAR. JUV.

When Clitander himſelf was interrogated about this laſt ſtory, he confeſſed that he had obliged the preacher to drink the toaſt, that had been named. It was alledged by the preacher that Clitander had thrown his glaſs in his face, though he confeſſed that this was after he had refuſed the toaſt, and thrown his own in the fire. To this anecdote Clitander ſaid, he could not be certain, but allowed it probable that he did ſo; upon ſuch a manifeſt violation of the rules eſtabliſhed among gentlemen. He declared that it was not only after repeated provocation given that night, but that he with the ſame companion he then had, a few days before that, had got into his

company, and gone on in the ſame ludicrous inſulting manner. Such as aſking him when he ſaw his wife?—If ſhe was in good health?—How he could ſleep theſe cold nights without a bed-fellow, eſpecially after he had been favoured with one ſo beautiful?—Begged to know whether he thought Hymen's joys were as great in reality, as they were in idea!—with a deal of ſuch ribaldry and low converſation—all under the pretext of being witty upon Clitander. The ſame toaſt being given—Clitander had accepted it. Upon his returning the toaſt Mrs. A—n, the preacher had thrown his glaſs in the fire. All which he then overlooked, being naturally of a mild temper and pacific diſpoſition. But ſeeing the ſame mean game playing over again, thought ſubmitting tamely to it, would derogate more from his ſpirit, than reſenting it would from his character. As to his ſtriking Mr. A——n's companion, averred; that it was after being ſo cloſely ſeized by the throat by him, as rendered ſelf defence abſolutely requiſite.

Theſe

Theſe particulars coming to light, greatly altered the public opinion. Every one ſaid, Clitander, however meek and gentle, provided he had the common feelings of a man, could do no leſs than what he had done. And that the generality of people in his ſituation, would have done much more.

But as to what happened in the company where Tarpaulus was, he could not ſo eaſily vindicate himſelf, ſince here were four perſons, all joining in aſſertions concerning one, who could adduce no exculpatory proofs, except thoſe of his own former regular behaviour, added to his ſolemn declaration that thoſe things laid to his charge were falſe.

Honeſtus aſked Gourockus, and many others who were intimate with Clitander, if ever they had obſerved in him any of thoſe things, which by this company were aſcribed to him. The uniform anſwer from them all was: No!—we never did remark the ſlighteſt tendency thereto. He even aſked Mercator, whoſe houſe was as Clitander's home, before this fatal connection

with his neice, if ever he had obſerved any indecencies in his ſpeech or manner. No, ſaid he!—I declare I never did ſee any thing in that gentleman, but the politeſt manners, the greateſt temperance, and moſt innocent yet chearful mirth. Very ſurpriſing, replied Honeſtus—that none but the aſſociates of Morſonus, ſhould ever have perceived any breach of ſobriety in that gentleman's conduct. In fine, the whole ſmells ſtrong of deſign and dark deceit, nor can I help thinking he is moſt inhumanly uſed, and all for a raſh formed alliance with the daughter of Morſonus, a ſuperior to whom in every reſpect, beauty perhaps excepted, he might have eaſily got, and whoſe father, conſidering that her levity of mind prognoſticated ſome act of this kind, if not a worſe, ought to have rejoiced that it was done with ſuch a young gentleman as Clitander. Who having preſumed to gain Amanda's love; forſooth! you blaſt his name, and deſtroy his public uſefulneſs. Hire ſome vile aſſaſſin with a piſtol or ſword to diſpatch him. It will more compleatly ſatiate your revenge, and

be more friendly, than thus cruelly to perſecute him. The treatment you give him muſt neceſſarily afflict him more, than death would alarm him; for if reputation is loſt, of what import is life?

Deaf to ſuch ſentiments his adverſaries were. The parſon went about diligently picking up every particular relative to the above two ſtories. Finding he could have no handle againſt him from the intrigue; if in this reſpect he could injure him, ſtill the end would be gained. But his reverence found that ſome on whoſe evidence he relied the moſt, deſerted him when it came to the point. Won't you depoſe when legally called upon, that Clitander was drunk? No, ſaid they, we cannot—We thought indeed he did not look as he uſed to do, but can by no means ſwear that it was owing to drinking. This gave his reverence, who acted in the name of and by the authority of Morſonus, much uneaſineſs; and obliged him to tell his patron, that really he doubted if either of theſe anecdotes could be proved. Morſonus might be ſorry, yet had no occaſion

to blame him, ſince his activity in the matter had been abundantly manifeſt. As has been already ſaid, the propenſity to ſcandal is aſtoniſhing. Several aided this curious Compound, in oppreſſing the unfortunate Clitander. But as I apprehend the reader is by this time ſufficiently diſguſted with all his adverſaries, I will not exerciſe his patience with characterizing them. As a cave or ſome dreary wild ſhould be the defamer's habitation, ſo oblivion ought to be the mantle which covers him. Some, of whom better things were expected, joined this infernal band, and what excruciated the ſenſibility of Clitander, not a few whoſe tongues had formerly been moſt laviſh in his praiſe. Among theſe were Gordianus and Argenteo: who had really been not only admirers of, but friends to Clitander; and how to account for their becoming his enemies was no eaſy problem. Common reports ſaid, that Gordianus eſpouſed the cauſe of Amanda to make her more willing to look favourably on his brother in law, who was after all that had happened her admirer:

And that Argenteo was irritated againſt Clitander, becauſe Morſonus took conſiderable ventures from him in the way of commerce, which he ſent abroad. Argenteo was truly a gentleman of whom Clitander was fond—he went one day to take his advice upon this noiſy affair—and was informed by him, that if he was to ſhow him the real letters of Amanda, and the other proofs of the connection, his prejudices would be removed. To this Clitander moſt willingly conſented, and moreover invited Gordianus to be preſent. As this event took place previous to the full publication of the matter, he exacted their word of honour, that neither of them would mention his having ſeen theſe papers and epiſtles. Unluckily for Clitander, they chanced to forget this, and ſcrupled not in converſation to mention what they had ſeen. It appeared that they had never been diſpoſed to drop their prejudices, but only eager to obtain ſome ſpecious reaſon for them. Ever afterwards they were bitter foes to Clitander. One inſtance from many allow me to ſubjoin. A young

lady who had known Clitander in his better days, being on a viſit to her friends in Ireland, ſpoke of his merit in ſuch ſtrains that he was not only invited, but engaged to go there againſt a fixt time. Argenteo upon knowing this, endeavoured to prejudice the lady, and have the engagement broke; imagined he had gained his point, and boaſted in a company where Honeſtus was, "that he had knocked that matter in "the head," as he expreſſed it. Oh heavens!—when hatred and revenge ſit arbiters in the ſoul, what a dreadful creature is man!—how unlike to his divine original! what Demon hath given ſuch power to theſe diſmal paſſions? For ſurely the Author of nature, never intended the nobleſt of his works below to be under the influence of tyrants like theſe. Clitander had never injured Argenteo, yet Argenteo would deprive him of the very means of ſubſiſtence. Bluſh, Argenteo—I know you can.

Clitander underſtanding at what pains Argenteo had been to prevent his going to Ireland, enquired more particularly into the

the matter, and learned that his repairing thither was expected notwithſtanding every thing Argenteo had urged. On this he wrote again to Ireland, demanding an account of the place he ſhould call at, and the time he ſhould be expected in Dublin. To this letter an anſwer never came, which circumſtance added to the above, determined Clitander not to go. Loudly afterwards did Argenteo exclaim againſt this breach of engagement, of which he himſelf was the primary cauſe.

To return to the main point: Argenteo, Gordianus, with others helped to raiſe the hue and cry after Clitander, for the ſuppoſed inſtances of miſbehaviour.

By means of Honorio an ingenious young clergyman, the learned profeſſor of laws in the univerſity of Clutha, who had before given his opinion on the validity of the connection, was now adviſed of this affair alſo; he ſmiled at the trick, for he thought it bore all the marks of one; deſired Clitander, whom Honorio had introduced to him, not to be afraid; and generouſly offered in perſon to be his ad-

vocate. I will appear for you, ſaid he, before the ſynod, a ſuperior court of the clergy, at the bar of which, if it is heard, I will not only, I hope, be able to refute theſe calumnies, but to eſtabliſh the marriage, which the fooliſh Amanda refuſes, and her ſtill more imprudent father deſpiſes.

About this time Scotio a worthy and reſpectable clergyman, under whoſe juriſdiction in ſome reſpects Clitander was, and with whom the cloſeſt intimacy, and even ſtricteſt friendſhip ſubſiſted, came to town, to offer if acceptable his juſt mediation in the cauſe. To him what Homer ſays of Agamemnon is truly applicable.

When Atreus' ſon harangu'd the liſtening train,
Juſt was his ſenſe, and his expreſſion plain;
His words ſuccinct, yet full without a fault,
He ſpake no more than juſt the thing he ought.
POPE.

He had converſed frequently with Clitander, with Mercator, and others upon the matter; but never publicly intereſted himſelf in it. Now he intended to hear what both parties had to ſay, and bring about either

either an accommodation, or ſettle the method for a final diſſolution.

He came to Clitander's lodgings—introduced the ſubject, and like a man animated by the ſpirit of the religion he taught, propoſed to go to Morſonus, reaſon the matter with him, and faithfully bring back an account of his ſentiments. Clitander bleſſed the God-like man, thankfully embraced the obliging offer, and to fit him the more for the work he intended ſhowed him the papers, which were the grounds of the whole tranſaction, the opinions of the lawyers, the witneſſes to particular parts of the unhappy ſtory he named, with a diſtinct narration of each intereſting circumſtance, that had taken place.

Thus prepared the generous Scotio next morning waited on Morſonus, told the import of his viſit, his friendly motives, which proceeded from a regard to the peace of his family, as well as the happineſs of Clitander: knowing the paſſionate temper of Morſonus, he begged he would reaſon coolly upon the ſubject, which being promiſed,

miſed, he endeavoured to convince him of the real nature and force of ſuch an obligation, about the authenticity whereof, even at this time he propoſed not the ſmalleſt ſcruple, or about that of the letters which had been produced, as having paſſed between them. Scotio obſerved the validity of the obligation with regard to divine laws, which he thought ought to have a conſiderable weight with a profeſſing Chriſtian: the light in which it probably would be viewed by the civil laws of Caledonia: the force of ſuch a number of letters, wrote in the language, and ſigned in the manner they were: the corroborating, if not direct evidences of ſeveral beſides his own ſervants: the honour of his daughter —the peace of her mind—and intereſt of his family, all which he ſaid were at ſtake, and when duly weighed ought to cover a multitude of omiſſions, in the conduct of Clitander and Amanda.

Thus forcibly did he reaſon. Againſt which Morſonus could only raiſe trivial objections, and cavil at ſome of the ſlighter minutiæ,

minutiæ of the whole. He inſiſted much upon the two late alledged improprieties.

Scotio aſked him whether in his opinion, if Amanda not ſwayed by parental authority, was left to herſelf, her affection to Clitander would return. Morſonus anſwered that he believed her paſſion for him was the ſame: then replied Scotio—Fear of your diſpleaſure hath made her act as ſhe has done, which upon the whole is an imprudent part, ſince in the preſent ſituation of affairs, it is impoſſible for her to get married to another. For inſtance, I myſelf could by no means conſent to perform the ceremony.

To this Morſonus anſwered in general: And only particularly diſcredited the report that his daughter had confeſſed the whole truth to Amicus, who carried a letter to her when upon a viſit in the country, as has been already obſerved. Beſides as this ſame Amicus had wrote, and as a witneſs ſigned a declaration of the maſter and miſtreſs of that family, to which Clitander carried Amanda in the city of Clutha, Morſonus found that this gentleman had

had been extremely active, and wiſhed if poſſible to diſcredit his authority. He even ſaid to Scotio, that he wiſhed he had ſeen the letter which Amicus carried, and that the confeſſion of Amanda to him was a patched up ſtory of Clitander's.

Scotio informed Clitander how ſtrenuouſly Morſonus inſiſted on the falſity of the report of Amicus. Clitander remarked, that the variety of ſchemes Morſonus had recourſe to, ſhowed the badneſs of the cauſe he maintained. The defence of truth is ſimple and direct, but that of falſehood generally troubleſome and perplexing. I for my part have adduced a few plain and evident arguments upon which I have reſted the cauſe: He has uſed a thouſand quibbles and inventions which ſignify nothing, becauſe inſufficient to leſſen the force of any one article by me advanced. If he imagines the calling in queſtion the veracity of Amicus will be of any ſervice to him, he is much miſtaken: this ſcheme is as viſionary as the others he hath tried, for that gentleman to his confuſion will anſwer every charge; his ſoul

is

is incapable of a mean deſign, and his honeſt freedom will triumph over this baſe artifice of Morſonus. I have reaſons to expect a viſit from him ſoon, when face to face he will maintain and prove his own aſſertions.

How ſtrangely do ſome events take place! Scarce was the word out of Clitander's mouth, when a ſervant entered the room where they were, and ſaid two gentlemen wanted to ſpeak with him. He begged Scotio's pardon for a minute—went out—but was never more agreeably ſurprized than to find Amicus the perſon who particularly enquired after him. Immediately he introduced him to Scotio, by ſaying there is the gentleman in perſon, of whom you ſpeak, and whoſe honour Morſonus hath preſumed to aſperſe. Scotio politely received him, profeſſed his happineſs at the unexpected interview, and mutual compliments being over, began converſation upon the queſtion in debate: Mentioned the ſuppoſitions of Morſonus, and wiſhed to hear from his own mouth, the hiſtory of his expedition to Amanda;

when

when upon a country viſit, becauſe this ſeemed to be as yet one of thoſe dubious points, in which, as in a ſtrong hold, Morſonus thought himſelf ſecure.

Amicus had not been a moment in private with Clitander ſince his arrival—had no apprehenſion of being ſo ſuddenly and ſtrictly interrogated, yet conſidering the intereſt of his friend was at ſtake, and his own integrity and honour impeached, he rather rejoiced in the above circumſtance, and with that modeſt confidence which truth inſpires, ſpoke thus.

"The laſt time I was in this place I "found my friend Clitander in the greateſt "diſtreſs, owing to this fatal intrigue. "Upon learning the particulars I thought "a letter to Amanda might be of ſervice "to both her and Clitander. Which "letter I promiſed to deliver, and enforce "by a number of verbal arguments. I "went to the houſe where ſhe then was, "though unacquainted in the ſmalleſt "degree with the family—converſed with "the good old lady, the miſtreſs of it, "for a conſiderable time, before ſhe ſuſ-

" pected any thing of my deſign. Then
" I enquired if Miſs R—— M——
" was there. She anſwered in the affirma-
" tive, but that the ladies were not then
" ariſen. Our diſcourſe upon the country
" —upon farming and the weather went
" on.—We were ſeated in the parlour:
" Soon after I heard the ladies walking
" about in the chambers above me, who
" I ſuppoſed were preparing for coming
" down ſtairs, and recollecting I did not
" know the one I wanted from another,
" to avoid that fooliſh look I ſhould ne-
" ceſſarily have, upon ſeeing her in com-
" pany with others—I artfully propoſed
" a turn in the garden, to the miſtreſs of
" the family, who kindly accompanied
" me. This being finiſhed we went to a
" little verdant riſing eminence, directly
" oppoſite to the houſe, to contemplate
" the fields around—and to enjoy the fra-
" grance of the air in that delightful ſum-
" mer's morning. In this ſituation I re-
" membered the main point, ſince though
" I endeavoured to amuſe the venerable
" matron, by expatiating on the pleaſures

" of.

" of a rural life, and the advantages " blended with the beauties of her ſeat " in particular; I carefully watched the " houſe, praying ſome favourable incident " might occur. I obſerved firſt one young " lady—then another—then a third came " to the window, and look through the " glaſs.

" A little after they all three came down " ſtairs, and ſtood at the door. Judging " this to be my time, I aſked of my oblig- " ing attendant which was Miſs M——n. " Being told, I went up to her, informed " her, that I had ſomething particular to " communicate, and humbly craved ſhe " would attend me for a few minutes on " a private walk. Her two companions " ſeemed much amazed when ſhe con- " ſented. Having got at a little diſtance " from the houſe, I gave hints of the " errand upon which I came, and offered " her the epiſtle. This ſhe poſitively re- " fuſed to accept, under pretence of a " promiſe made to her father, to receive " no letters from Clitander, which ſhe " had been obliged to give before he

" would

" would allow her to go any way from
" home. But ſhe ſaid that ſignified little,
" for as I take you, Sir, to be a ſincere
" friend of Clitander's, elſe he never
" would have ſent you on this errand, nor
" would you have run the hazard of en-
" countering with the nameleſs and diſ-
" agreeable obſtacles, which might have
" oppoſed this interview: I freely permit
" you to open the letter, and read it to
" me.

" I then, continued Amicus, tore off
" the ſeal, and began to read ſlowly:
" but that was unneceſſary, for ſhe leaning
" on my arm read every word of the well
" known hand along with me—made
" many pertinent remarks upon thoſe parts
" of it, where he doubts her conſtancy, and
" ſuppoſes her ſentiments to be changed."

The reader will remember this letter has been already inſerted in this performance.

" With heavy ſighs and a flood of tears,
" ſaid Amicus, ſhe acknowledged the
" truth of the two chief articles therein
" ſpecified, viz. the ſigning of the obli-

" gation,

"gation, with the article meant by the "22d of March, or ſome of the later "days in that month. She complained "bitterly of her own ſufferings.

Time gives increaſe to my afflictions.
The circling hours that gather all the woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
Come heavy laden with th' oppreſſing weight
To me! with me ſucceſſively they leave
The ſighs, the tears, the groans, the reſtleſs cares,
And all the damps of grief that did retard their flight;
They ſhake their downy wings, and ſcatter all
Their dire collected dews on my poor head,
Then fly with joy and ſwiftneſs from me.

CONG. MOURN. BRIDE.

"Though not in the ſame language, yet "in the ſame ſpirit ſhe lamented her pains "and ſorrows, which the more ſhe la- "boured to conceal the deeper was ſhe "affected, and the greater havock it "made on her conſtitution, which ſhe "even dreaded, would not eaſily if ever "perfectly recover the ſhock it had ſuſ- "tained. She denied to me her having "ever ſpoken diſreſpectfully of Clitander,

"and

" and did not at all heſitate to acknow-
" ledge the truth of their relation to each
" other. This ſhe owned—appeared re-
" ſolved upon invariable adherence, re-
" commended ſeveral things to Clitander,
" eſpecially profound ſecrecy concerning
" it, and after breakfaſt affectionately part-
" ed with me, which was later than uſual,
" for I dare ſay we were an hour and a
" half together, and they waited for us.

" This very injunction which my friend
" has but too well obſerved, proves of
" itſelf the truth of her declaration to me;
" for why ſecrecy injoined, if there was
" in fact no ſecret to be kept! How
" came Clitander to act the part he did,
" unleſs he had cogent motives thereto!
" No motive could he have except the
" pleaſure of Amanda!—And her mind
" how could he know ſave by me?—
" Had ſhe in converſing with me denied
" the circumſtances of this curious ſtory;
" —would Clitander have ſubmitted the
" whole to arbitration? Upon the ſup-
" poſition of her retracting, that very for-
" mal interview was to no purpoſe?—

" Why

" Why wiſh to be reconciled to her father
" if he ſuſpected he had loſt her affections?
" It is manifeſt ſomething muſt have paſſed
" in that dialogue with me, which gave
" encouragement to Clitander, and ſo
" deeply was he then enamoured of this
" fickle Circe, that only her adherence
" to the truth could inſpire him with
" hopes, or ſupport his fortitude under
" the bad uſage he received from her
" father, and his ignorant partizans.

" Since that period I have never ſeen
" her, but let her father ſay whatever his
" malevolence may dictate, Amanda would
" not if ſhe was preſent contradict a ſyl-
" lable of what I now relate. All this
" happened ſeveral months ago, at which
" time ſhe certainly was true to her much
" eſteemed Clitander. The various de-
" vices which her father or other pretended
" friends have practiſed upon her, ſince
" that time I know not—but if one may
" judge from the effects, they have not
" been few.—They have been maliciouſly
" invented, and cunningly executed. They
" endeavour, I am told, to perſuade her,

" that

" that ſhe may get free of her connection
" with Clitander—that the noiſe concern-
" ing it will ſubſide, and ſhe by means of
" her beauty with eaſe obtain another
" match; while ſhe, poor credulous
" nymph! believes the ſoothing deceit.
" Accurſed be the cruel deceivers!—"

What was the purport of that letter which you carried, ſaid Scotio. Hereupon the letter was put into his own hands to read. That is the identical letter of which I was the bearer, ſaid Amicus, and which I will not ſo far gratify her father as to allow him a peruſal of: ſuffice it that you, Sir, are convinced from what is there mentioned, that her not abſolutely refuſing was equal to a declaration, ſince read in her hearing oftener than once, and even by herſelf.

Well, ſaid Scotio, I am to meet with Morſonus to-morrow morning, when I ſhall faithfully narrate to him, what I have ſeen and heard, and from whom. His word he never broke. By the report of Scotio, Morſonus was alarmed at hearing that Amicus had been preſent at the

above interview, and this was increaſed, when he underſtood that he had earneſtly wiſhed for a conference with him, and would eſteem it as a ſingular favour if he would meet him at any coffee-houſe or public place, which he hoped would not be refuſed, conſidering how loudly he had diſputed his veracity, and that ſo ſeaſonable an opportunity of vindicating himſelf preſented itſelf. Morſonus declined meeting him in any public place, but begged rather to ſee him at his houſe.

Scotio, whoſe fondneſs to be the means of promoting peace and concord, prompted him to go through all this ſlaviſh trouble, came to Clitander's lodgings, where Amicus then was, and delivered this meſſage, but prepoſſeſſed with an opinion of the diſingenuity of Morſonus, ſubjoined, there is one circumſtance that ſomewhat perplexes me. The man we deal with is ſo deep in his deſigns, and dark in his counſels, that few can cope with him. It is well if we are not circumvented by him. He is vaſtly ſhrewd, and the fox in cunning is but his pupil. May there not be ſome plot

in all this, of which we are not aware; after the ſchemes he hath laid, and the evaſions he hath made uſe of, it is but juſt to ſuſpect him. Caution is often preferable to courage, and on ſome occaſions cannot be too much exerciſed.

Clitander was ſecretly wondering where this diſcourſe was to end—when Amicus thus haſtily interrupted Scotio—I apprehend what you dread. Have you ſeen Amanda herſelf in theſe viſits you have made? I have ſeen her, replied Scotio, but that is all. She inſtantly retired whenever I entered the room. Then you ſuſpect ſhe may diſclaim any knowledge of me. The very thing I meant. Let not this diſturb you, continued Amicus, ſince it will by no means confound me. Such a mean trick ſhall not avail either Morſonus or her; becauſe a ſerious appeal to the family where ſhe ſtaid, will deſtroy it: nevertheleſs I confeſs it will be better, if ſhe by her conduct evidences my being known to her. And I am determined to inſiſt upon ſeeing herſelf, to put it to the trial. It will be no bad argument for the

truth of the whole—ſince, if ſhe owns acquaintance with me, it may be aſked, when, where, and upon what occaſion ſhe acquired that knowledge?—The letter I ſhall put in my pocket—perhaps I may ſimply ſhow it; but my former proteſtation ſhall ſtand. Not a ſyllable thereof ſhall her father read, or hear read. To bend to him is truly ignoble, and in my opinion, inſtead of being an inſtance of moderation, would argue a real want of ſpirit.

Upon this both of them ſet out for the houſe of Morſonus, and left Clitander to his own reflections, which were not half ſo diſordered as they were wont to be. His paſſion for Amanda was every day loſing ground, and in proportion as that decreaſed, he became the more indifferent to whatever iſſue the whole affair might take. He now wiſhed more earneſtly to get rid of Amanda, than to be any further connected with her. He ſaid, Cupid and him had quarrelled in fixing the ſovereignty of Hymen over himſelf; and that he certainly had loſt his ſight in the conteſt with this miſchief-loving boy; who, provided

he

he can but raiſe diſturbances, never troubles himſelf with the ſettling them. Clitander remembered that this arch-rogue Cupid had given him a pair of ſpectacles, upon the ſuppoſition that Hymen would make them juſt fit him, but that affronted by that coldneſs and reſerve wherewith he had been treated of late, had again deprived him of them. Then I uſed, ſaid he, to ſee Amanda as an angel bright, and as a lilly fair; I imagined that pleaſure and ſoftneſs dwelt in her eye, that her cheeks appeared beds of roſes whence the graces invited; I thought painters took the colour of vermillion from her lips, and that the mien of Diana was not half ſo graceful or majeſtic as hers. Whereas now, ſaid he, each object is inverted, and wears a different aſpect; for Amanda ſeems dark as Erebus, more ſpotted than a leopard, more infectious than a baſiliſk. In her rueful eyes ſits Suſpicion the conſequence of broken fidelity, her cheeks are clad with a homely paleneſs, and her lips, on which I ſo often with rapture revelled, now ſeem cold, and encruſted with diſſimulation:

Nor is the poet's deſcription of Envy unapplicable to her.

She never ſmiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's ſleep;
Reſtleſs in ſpite! while, watchful to deſtroy,
She pines and ſickens at another's joy;
Foe to herſelf, diſtreſſing and diſtreſs'd;
She bears her own tormentor in her breaſt.

ADD. OVID.

Thus Clitander uſed humorouſly to diſcourſe on the point. And indeed ſuch are the effects produced by different paſſions, as they happen to have the aſcendancy in the human mind. In this reſpect the external ſenſes are but the ſervants to thoſe ſpiritual maſters, though they juſtly boaſt of ſupplying theſe haughty ſuperiors with work to go upon, ſince that otherwiſe their operations, at leaſt while in the body, would be only weakly felt, and their power much circumſcribed. Witneſs the ideas of a perſon deprived of any of the ſenſes. If all our knowledge is gained either by ſenſation or reflection, then a deficiency in any of theſe leſſens our mental fund. In like manner our ideas muſt neceſſarily

ceſſarily ariſe from the peculiar light, in which we view the objects to which they belong. Of all human paſſions, love when complexly conſidered is perhaps the moſt wonderful; is often the moſt unaccountable in its expreſſions; and indeed the generality of its operations are irregular. It gives a ſurpriſing caſt to a lover's eyes. It is a proverbial ſaying, that love either finds a man a fool, or for a ſeaſon makes him ſo. Reaſon, that emanation of divinity, which makes man immortal, as ſoon as ſhe can get the reins of adminiſtration into her hands, removes the miſts raiſed by the fluttering of Cupid's wings, and reduces the qualities of the object to a more moderate and natural ſhape. Sober reflection, is the beſt antidote to the faſcination of love: it will ever diſſolve the charms of a too amorous fondneſs. Love may be ſaid to give a teleſcopic—and reaſon a microſcopic eye. The one chiefly ſhows beauties, and the other expoſes deformities and imperfections.

Upon entering the room, Amanda was the firſt perſon whom the two gentlemen

we parted with a little ago ſaw. Amicus inſtantly accoſted her—aſked how ſhe did—hoped ſhe had been well, ſince he had the pleaſure of ſeeing her. She frankly replied, ſhe had—and the other uſual compliments paſſed upon both ſides, while Scotio keeping his eyes ſtedfaſtly upon her, perceived that Amicus was known to her. A little after Morſonus came in—Amanda retired. Converſation began, when Amicus diſtinctly repeated what he had told Scotio, and concluded, by offering to refer the proof of the ſeparate particulars to Amanda herſelf, if he pleaſed to call her into the room.

This motion was declined, which was undoubtedly equal to the father's acquieſcence in the truth. But to another expedient he had recourſe, namely the declaration of the maſter and miſtreſs of that family, where Clitander carried Amanda to in the city of Clutha. This poſt alſo Amicus forced him to deſert, by daring him to diſprove one article of what was there advanced. I if you pleaſe, ſaid he, will conduct you to the family, the heads of which

will

will attend you to any court, and there depoſe to the truth of that declaration. Morſonus had no notion of ſuch cloſe grappling with ſo able and well inſtructed an antagoniſt as Amicus: wherefore his next decampment was to a fort at a greater diſtance from the queſtion in debate; where he vainly truſted Amicus could not ſo eaſily reach him; viz. a Quere, whether or not it was his daughter that Clitander carried to the tavern, where he ſaid Amanda ſlept with him. I ſhall carry my daughter, ſaid he, next week to Clutha, where I ſhall put it to the trial, whether or not the hoſteſs recollects her. If ſhe does, then it muſt be ſo—if not, how am I to know whether it was my daughter he carried there? By all accounts, replied Amicus, the landlady will not know her, for it was 12 o'clock at night, when the loving couple entered the houſe, and ſhe in particular left it next morning, unſeen by any but a maid ſervant. Still you will not better yourſelf, even notwithſtanding this favourable circumſtance you muſt loſe the cauſe, for where was your daugh-

ter that night? is a queſtion which has been ſo often aſked, and to which neither you nor ſhe have ever pretended to give an anſwer, that I preſume in your own mind you are convinced of the truth. Morſonus, thus beat from all his ambuſhes, fell to railing in general againſt Clitander. Amicus anſwered in a clear and diſtinct manner to every thing his baneful heart could ſuggeſt, or his deceitful tongue utter. Paint Clitander ever ſo black, the more Amanda muſt be in the ſhade. Of what ſervice to you is it to aſperſe his character, till you have looſed his connection with your family in a legal manner! In fine, Amicus pitied his folly in the abſurd management of the whole matter, and ſeemed to think his friend well quit of a bad bargain.

Scotio finding all his trouble to no purpoſe, and Amicus having vindicated his former aſſertions, and driven Morſonus from his low and mean ſubterfuges, tho' he had obtained no conceſſions from him, both of them thought it proper to retire. They returned to Clitander, related the whole,

whole, which to him contained nothing new, ſince the ſame ſtupid quibbling objections had been urged and refuted a hundred times. Scotio then took his leave and went home.

Amicus ſtaid a few days with his friend, to conſult what was requiſite in the preſent ſituation of affairs. He practiſed every ſcheme, tending to confirm the averſion of Clitander to a nymph ſo deceitful, and to fill him with contempt for the truly deſpicable Morſonus. Sooner, ſaid he, would I marry a virtuous girl, though in the deepeſt poverty, than Amanda poſſeſſed of thouſands, or ſparkling with the richeſt gems of Golconda. There are many in the world, to whom money atones for the want of every thing elſe, and ſeems to be the only valuable acquiſition. Such will not accede to my ſentiments; but I deſpiſe their thinking contrary to me, as much as I would hate the acting along with them. I am one of that turn of mind to whom money can never give happineſs; and ſuch an idea have I of domeſtic felicity, that all the ſilver of Potoſi or gold of Peru,

would not in my eſtimation compenſate for the want of thoſe virtues in my wife, of which Amanda appears deſtitute, and for the baſeneſs of thoſe actions, and that complicated fraud, which ſhe hath ſo deliberately perſiſted in. Whoever addreſſes her may with propriety ſay,

> And to be plain, 'tis not your perſon
> My ſtomach's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
> But 'tis your better part, your riches
> That my enamour'd heart bewitches.
>
> HUDIB.

Place me, continued Amicus, in Clitander's caſe, and ſooner would I make a covenant with my inclinations, as well as eyes, of perpetual abſtinence from the ſex, than upon any terms be reconciled to her father, ſo far as ever to ſubmit to lead my life with her. The time may come, I hope it ſhall, when the bittereſt remorſe ſhall torment her guilty breaſt, when ſhe ſhall recollect the days of innocence and love with unavailing regret; and only feel the more intenſely becauſe of the uſe ſhe made of them. The practice of vice

or

or abuſe of time, talents, and privileges, makes repentance neceſſary, and the remembrance of theſe things conſtitutes the bitterneſs of the exerciſe. That benevolence which I would wiſh in ſome meaſure to diſplay even to a foe, makes me hope that Amanda will not always remain void of reflection. Her now ſleeping conſcience ſooner or later muſt awake: from the preſent calm the fooliſh nymph conjectures futurity, and becauſe ſailing ſmoothly, dreads no ſtorm. How unwiſe the thought! That dread deputy of heaven, though perhaps not immediately, will yet diſcharge his office, and convince her, that the time ſhe thought he was ſleeping, he was regiſtring her treſpaſſes againſt truth and Clitander; and preparing the accompt which ſhe muſt pay. Whatever may be her outward ſituation in life when this takes place, her mind muſt be racked with the moſt exquiſite pain, and ſhe completely wretched. The ſofteſt down will be unfriendly to repoſe, and the fortune ſhe may poſſeſs by another huſband can only appear as the wages of iniquity, ſince

purchaſed

purchaſed by the breaking of her vows to heaven and her fidelity to Clitander. In theſe moments of anguiſh, almoſt bordering on deſpair, may ſhe not be ſuppoſed to wiſh;

O that I had my innocence again!
My untouch'd honour! but I wiſh in vain.
The fleece that has been by the dyer ſtain'd,
Never again its native whiteneſs gain'd.

WALLER.

She in her turn may complain of inconſtant gallants — may ſpend her private hours in weeping—ſigh over her perfidy —and pray for a reconciliation while ſhe bluſhes to aſk it—if bluſh ſhe can.

And the time may come, when Morſonus, upon reviewing his conduct, ſhall be a Magor-miſſabib, that is a terror to himſelf; when he ſhall bewail the broken credit of his family, and look back with admiration upon the conſtancy of that perſecuted youth, who notwithſtanding his being ſo cruelly uſed, ſo ardently wiſhed to ſave it. What would he then give for that ſon-in-law he hath now deſpiſed, and

almoſt

almoſt in every poſſible reſpect inſulted! Happy would he be if upon any tolerable pretext he could ſue for peace, and procure a reunion. But alas!—to ſuch extremities hath his rage tranſported him, that this, he can never have the effrontery to require: this at any rate I hope he ſhall never obtain. For though there is not a ſpark of malice in my temper or enmity at my heart; I ſcruple not to counſel Clitander, with ſcorn to reject his offers of accommodation, ſhould he on his knees, and with a flood of tears implore it.

Clitander with attention heard theſe juſt and animated ſentiments of his much loved and intrepid friend, but declared the place was diſagreeable to him, and ſuppoſed a change of ſituation almoſt indiſpenſibly requiſite, in order to regain his wonted temper; and remove that cloud of melancholy, which ſo greatly affected his ſpirits and health. I have now, ſaid he, ſtaid a ſufficient time to convince Morſonus, that his enmity could not make me change, till it was my own pleaſure. What can he do more than he has done;

the ſtrength of his malice is already exhauſted, even from its virulence I have nothing more to fear: And his friendſhip I aſk not—indeed I wiſh not. If friendſhip be founded on a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions, of principles, of feelings, and views of things; then it never can ſubſiſt between Morſonus and me. Such a father as him, nature I apprehend ſhows but ſeldom. Account for his conduct, and you ſhall be the great Apollo to me!—Into the moſt inflexible obſtinacy you muſt reſolve it, which I join you in thinking cannot laſt for ever. Should it not be till his diſſolving moments approach, my firm belief is, that he will curſe his anger, becauſe it has been ſo fierce, and his wrath which hath been ſo cruel. For one time or other a ſelf tormentor he muſt be.

It is almoſt a year ſince the clergy knew of this hated ſtory. I have put myſelf to conſiderable trouble to make them acquainted with it. My worthy friend captain Symbus, beſides many others who have occaſionally attended me on theſe expeditions, can tell how chearfully I bore

fatigue

fatigue in travelling to aſk the advice of my reverend brethren. All of whom confeſſed themſelves to be incompetent judges in a caſe ſo intricate, which at any rate it behoved the civil law to determine. Often have I wiſhed, continued Clitander, that they ſhould call me to an account for the irregularity, ſince guilt there is none, becauſe this long ere now would have forced thoſe ſteps, which would either have conſtituted it a marriage, or entirely diſſolved the connection, whereby much noiſe, rancour and jealouſy, would have been prevented. The ſilence upon the point, which the eccleſiaſtical courts, to which I am ſubject, have obſerved, is a ſure ſign, that the members thereof are convinced of the force of the obligation or contract between Amanda and me; with the other corroborating circumſtances of our acquaintance. If they are unwilling to take up the matter of their own accord, it is Morſonus who ought to bring the enquiry forward, ſince he imagines himſelf aggrieved. It would be not more expenſive than fooliſh in me, to commence a proceſs, either for adherence,

ence, which I truly wiſh not, or for a ſeparation, which there is room to think will come of itſelf, owing to the impatience of Amanda, once more to enter Hymen's temple. Though in the midſt of this ſerious reaſoning, I cannot help indulging a ſportive thought in repreſenting to myſelf how fooliſh the bride-groom would look, to ſee me enter the church, juſt after the parſon had proclaimed him a married perſon. She may make a good wife, but I apprehend can never be a happy one. No doubt her repenting of the injuries ſhe has done me, will tend to eaſe her of a load, the weight of which ſhe at preſent feels not.

For true Repentance never comes too late,
As ſoon as born ſhe makes herſelf a ſhroud,
The weeping mantle of a fleecy cloud:
And, ſwift as thought, her airy journey takes,
Her hand heav'n's azure gate with trembling ſtrikes,
The ſtars do with amazement on her look,
She tells her ſtory in ſo ſad a tone,
That angels ſtart from bliſs and give a groan.

LEE.

Here,

Here, ſaid Clitander, meaning the town where Amanda lived, I find I cannot be happy—and I have too much ſpirit to feaſt their eyes with the ſight of Clitander uneaſy. To a mind at reſt with itſelf, and enlarged by liberal thought, all places a few things ſubſtracted are pretty nigh equal. Wherefore I have a mind to go to try my fortune elſewhere. Whatever favours I may need, ſure I am, that my native pride of ſoul ſhall be leſs hurt in aſking thoſe of ſtrangers, than of ungrateful acquaintance, or deceitful friends.

Honeſtus afterwards hearing of Clitander's intended departure, confeſſed, that though none would feel more for the loſs of Clitander, with whom he had ſpent ſo many agreeable hours, and held ſo many inſtructive converſations, yet it had for ſome time paſt been his opinion, that abſence from the town, if not country, and new faces, would moſt effectually cure Clitander. Amicus, who converſed with Honeſtus on the ſubject, diſputed not the truth of this remark.

One

One day as Clitander, Honeſtus and Amicus were walking together; Gourockus along with Mercator, joined them, prompted by curioſity to be in company with Amicus, whoſe interviews with Amanda and her father were known, and publicly talked of. Amicus, ſuſpecting the intentions of Mercator, gave him, as well as his brother Morſonus, though abſent, ſome very ſmart touches of raillery upon the plan they had purſued, and ſtill urged the truth of what he in particular knew, as well as of the caſe in general. Why, ſaid Mercator, does not Clitander claim Amanda? which by the laws of this kingdom he can do in oppoſition to the will of her parents. Becauſe ſhe is not worth the claiming, rejoined Amicus, unleſs that be a previous ſtep to a final diſclaiming of her; and this point I am determined to know more fully when I return to Clutha, where Clitander will accompany me, and an able and experienced lawyer ſhall inform us. She cannot be married to another, during Clitander's life, ſaid Mercator, unleſs there be a legal final deciſion.

I wiſh

I wiſh ſhe was to be married to-morrow, replied Amicus—for I think there is wanting but that one ſtep more, to compleat the abſurdity of her father's conduct, and the wickedneſs of her own. Undoubtedly the bewitched bride-groom will be a happy man! The firſt fruits will ſurely be twins—one ariſing from each temple of his head. What a picture of conjugal felicity will the family exhibit! In Amanda as a wife, may not a huſband ſecurely truſt, and place the moſt unlimited confidence! His method of reaſoning muſt be, that ſince ſhe has been once deceitful, ſhe will for the future be more upright. But his faith, that can or ever ſhall believe this, muſt be ſtrong indeed. After this, who would wonder if it removed a mountain; however, ſuch a credulity is by no means a characteriſtick of the preſent times.

Mercator had once before remarked in a private converſation with Clitander, that they muſt be vaſtly fond of old boots, who would take her. Though the phraſe was odd, yet it was like the dialect of a hard

Britiſh

Britiſh ſailor, which Mercator had been, and needed no explanation. Nor in the above company was his opinion of his celebrated niece more favourable, or his expreſſions concerning her much more delicate. He inſiſted on the curious light he appeared in to both parties. My brother Morſonus, ſaid he, blames me for being Clitander's friend, was ſo offended with my ſpeaking ſomewhat in his favour in the commencement of this unaccountable ſtory, and my propoſing ſome milder methods of procedure than thoſe he purſued, that he has never ſince been totally reconciled to me. Whether he ever will be reconciled to me, or my family, is a queſtion. For my own part, I apprehend it will terminate in a diſſolution of our commercial connection, which I myſelf ſhall not much regard, ſeeing I ſhall thereby be rouzed from that indolence, and love of rural retirement, to which I am ſo prone, and be obliged to look more narrowly into my own trading concerns, which my brother at preſent chiefly manages. And Clitander accuſes me of being falſe

to him, not duly conſidering my ſtrict connection with my brother, and that the diſtance I keep is to preſerve appearances in the eyes of mankind, who might think it odd in me to forſake a brother, though ſomewhat in the wrong, for the ſake of a ſtranger, becauſe I eſteemed him. It is true, I have diſcloſed ſome things to my brother, which I learned from Clitander, but then it was with a view of convincing my brother of the truth, hoping thereby to incline him to peace. To remove the perſuaſion that there has been deceit in the caſe is very difficult, when the marks of it are ſo glaring; yet I can aſſure Clitander, I wiſh him better than he imagines I do. By keeping neutral, while I endeavoured to ſerve both, I have loſt the confidence of the one, and the gratitude of the other.

Mercator having ended, Gourockus, whoſe goodneſs of heart, and juſtice in all his dealings none ever called in queſtion, as has been already ſaid, though many diſputed the ſtedfaſtneſs of his attachments, begged leave to expreſs his wonder at the

obſtinacy

obſtinacy of his neighbour Morſonus. Strange, ſaid Gourockus, that he who is ſuch a loud profeſſor of religion, and ſo ſedulous to have others believe him an eminent Chriſtian, ſhould have forced his daughter to counteract one of the moſt ſolemn oaths, to deny thoſe actions which ſhe cannot diſprove, and thereby for ever has deſtroyed her peace. What avail his threats of marrying her to the very firſt that offers!—Will that atone for former guilt, or clear her ſtained reputation! When fiſhes forſake the ſea it may.

Clarko, a gentleman who truly ſat at the receipt of cuſtom, and poſſeſſed all that modeſty and diffidence, which are ſo often found with learning and good ſenſe, happening to join this company, delivered his ſentiments on the ſubject as follows. Clitander, ſaid he, from the beginning acquainted me of this affair. That it is a marriage, by the laws of the land, I preſume will appear when tried—that it ought to be one, no wiſe man will diſpute. I at firſt ſaid, and do ſtill think that the only way for the parents of Amanda to ſave the

credit

credit of their family, and of Amanda to preſerve her honour, was to acknowledge her marriage with Clitander, and have it ſolemnized in a legal manner. But the fair inconſtant with her inflexible parents have thought in a different manner. And what are the fruits hereof? Only an accumulation of diſgrace. Since by their conduct it hath happened, that thoſe who would have condemned the imprudence of Clitander, are rather inclined to pity him; and thoſe who might have thought the reſentment of Morſonus ſomewhat juſtifiable, from its immoderate exceſs join in diſapproving of it upon any terms. The raſhneſs of Clitander in forming this connection with Amanda, will by no means atone for all that extravagance of wrath, and impetuoſity of madneſs, which Morſonus hath ſhown in the reſenting of it. Not the deed, but the regulating its conſequences, ought to have been the object of this gentleman's enquiry.

Then Clarko more immediately addreſſing the company, obſerved, that the proſpect of a reconciliation being totally de-

ſtroyed, the mode of a final ſeparation was the point to be fixed upon. It is ſaid that Morſonus hath ſworn, that in a few months his daughter ſhall be married. In the firſt place, no man of ſenſe will ever marry her, till Clitander's title and claim be diſannulled. And even ſuppoſing her father ſhould be able to buy her a huſband—for huſbands may be bought, the title of Clitander like the ſword of Dionyſius, hangs over his head. He may claim his wife, and the laws of the land will probably ſuſtain the firſt marriage. Beſides there is another point worthy of notice, which is: What ſecurity can the children of Amanda, married to another, have for ſucceeding to their father's eſtate, if he chance to have one? Since, if there has taken place between Clitander and her, what is held ſufficient according to the conſtitution of this realm to make a marriage, then unleſs that is fully and legally abrogated, ſhe has no right to marry, which ſhould ſhe nevertheleſs aſſume, the children got by that ſecond connection, are illegitimate, and the next of kin to their father, may

raiſe

raiſe a claim at law of ſetting their right of ſucceſſion to his property aſide. Who would permit his daughter to enter into ſuch a labyrinth!—I for my part, continued Clarko, ſhall never in ſerious reflection, be able to look upon Amanda, married to another, without a divorce, but as an adultereſs. All that ſhe or her father—or their friends have ſaid to traduce the character of Clitander, argues nothing againſt him, becauſe proceeding from profeſſed malice, neither does it give her ſufficient pretence for deſerting him, whom ſhe hath acknowledged for her huſband, and to whom it is the general opinion ſhe hath acted as a wife. To bind the marriage knot is eaſy, but to looſe it requires Herculean ſtrength.

Clitander replied—by obſerving, how much ſome of the articles mentioned by his friend Clarko had pained him. The future diſtracted him, he ſaid, more than the preſent, however painful. Never will I, continued he, part with the contract and letters in my poſſeſſion, unleſs it be to preſent them by way of a gift to her huſ-

band, previous to which, I will indulge the world with a copy of them. The greateſt misfortune that can now befall me, is, Amanda remaining long unmarried, or her father forbearing to have this affair canvaſſed by the civil law. Becauſe this will force me to take thoſe ſteps which will be exceeding unpleaſant to me. People now-a-days, however prone to debauchery, are more cautious than ever about matrimony; and it is not uncommon to find even rakes, who ſeem to follow the advice of the poet, when he ſays,

Beware the dang'rous beauty of the wanton;
Shun their enticements: Ruin, like a vulture,
Waits on their conqueſts: Falſehood too's their buſineſs;
They put falſe beauty off to all the world,
Uſe falſe endearments to the fools that love them;
And when they marry, to their ſilly huſbands
They bring falſe virtue, broken fame, and fortune.
OTWAY, ORPHAN.

Clitander would have proceeded, but Amicus interrupting him, ſaid, It is needleſs to talk more about the matter, Amanda is as undeſerving of pity as her father is worthy of contempt. Go Clitander

where he will, his merit ſooner or later will be obſerved, and procure him not only admirers but friends; and it is impoſſible for him to ſuffer more in any future love connection, or to be ſo unhandſomely treated as in this. Happy he deſerves to be—happy I truſt he ſhall be, and when theſe golden days approach, loaded with proſperity, enough to atone for preſent ſufferings, none of the ſmalleſt ingredients will be, that he obliterates from his memory the ungrateful Morſonus, and his deceived or vulgar adherents. Who knows, but that plan which our friend may think it expedient to follow, ſhall terminate in a condition of life, ſtill more affluent and delightful, than the one he at preſent leaves!—

A day or two after Amicus ſet out for Clutha, along with Clitander; and introduced him to Somrellio an attorney of great note, of above forty years practice, and extremely well acquainted with the forms of law. The caſe being laid before him in a preciſe and diſtinct manner, he remarked that the obligation, though with-

out witneſſes, was valid in law, upon the ſuppoſition of the adherence of both parties to the writings—that if either retracted, ſtill the other could profecute for adherence—and that the party retracting, was under the force of the obligation, until leg lly looſed therefrom.—That allowing Amanda was to be ſo fooliſh, after the various preſumptive or circumſtantial evidences that could be adduced, to retract; the proving the letters to be a forgery, would be an impoſſibility, the very mode of which, at any rate, was ſo ſolemn as he imagined would deter her from incurring the dreadful guilt. Clitander informed him, that her father ſeemed to be ſo fond of that ſcheme, conſidering the abſolute inſufficiency of all others, for the ends he wiſhed to accompliſh, that he had engaged a writing maſter, to come to the houſe a certain number of hours in the week, to alter her hand-writing as much as poſſible, in caſe he might prevail with her to deny the writing thoſe very letters, the authenticity of which he not only believed,

but

but had in a former period openly acknowledged.

Somrellio laughed at this contrivance—ſaid it would avail nothing—and that Clitander's being able to prove this circumſtance of the writing-maſter's going to the houſe of Morſonus to inſtruct Amanda, would account for the difference that may be obſervable in her hand-writing in an after period. But ſhe can never, ſaid he, depoſe againſt theſe letters, which are ſome of the moſt paſſionate I ever read. She and her father to blacken Clitander may ſpeak at preſent as they liſt, but I think I could venture to ſay, bring it to a public hearing, and Amanda will not refuſe the truth, nor her father inſiſt ſhe ſhould. Somrellio indeed thought the claiming her to be requiſite, and ſtrongly adviſed Clitander to it, becauſe, as ſhe would indiſputably refuſe anſwering the ſummons, to repair to her huſband, that refuſal would be a ſolid foundation for proſecuting for a ſeparation: the obtaining of which, would neceſſarily conſume much time, and be

attended with conſiderable trouble and expence.

Beſides this information, Clitander's intimate and much reſpected friend Honorio, brought about another interview between him and the very learned profeſſor of laws, who had been an eminent ſpeaker in the Caledonian court, previous to his occupying this department in the univerſity. He read over all the original papers, which till now he had never ſeen, appeared more fully convinced than ever of the plenitude of the evidence, and the perfect ſecurity of Clitander. Addreſſing himſelf to Honorio, he jocoſely expreſſed himſelf thus: That he wiſhed to ſee him married as firmly to any lady worth ten thouſand pounds; And then, I think, ſaid he, a ſmall expence would make her truly yours, in ſpite of all oppoſition.

As for you, Clitander, my opinion is; that Morſonus is one of the moſt perfect fools that ever exiſted, conſequently it is a queſtion which your own breaſt can beſt ſolve, whether you ought to regard what has happened as a bleſſing or as a misfortune.

tune. That it has been a misfortune to you in many reſpects I allow; but the having to wife for life—or not having Amanda—the being connected with—or free from ſuch people, is the point I mean. I ſee no difficulty in eſtabliſhing the marriage, provided you chuſe it; and as for the accuſations of ebriety, wherewith they have ſo aſperſed you, give yourſelf no trouble; when judiciouſly diſcuſſed they will vaniſh as vapour, and never to your hurt militate againſt you. For granting what I apprehend it will be impoſſible for your adverſaries to prove, that in both inſtances you were overtaken with liquor. Is a man's public uſefulneſs, or his private intereſt to be deſtroyed and ſacrificed on that account? By no means. Indeed I adviſe you before your departure from thence, to claim her by an attorney and two witneſſes in the forms of law, which in my opinion reſts the matter upon a proper footing, and becomes an effectual bar againſt her ever being married to another: And will beſides anſwer ſeveral other important purpoſes.

Fraught with theſe adviſes, Clitander returned: and ſpent a few weeks longer in laying a plan for his future operations. Camellus again wrote to Edinum, about the propriety of this laſt adviſed ſtep, viz. The requiſition:—but lawyers will differ. The anſwer which Camellus received was, that they thought this ſtep unneceſſary upon the whole, conſidering the alteration of Amanda's ſentiments, and at any rate premature. Their opinion was that the proofs of the marriage ſhould firſt be eſtabliſhed. This nevertheleſs altered not the propriety of the learned profeſſor's counſel, who took the proofs for granted, becauſe the moment the original papers were read in the hearing of the judges, he knew the matter would be ſuſtained, though he foreſaw it to be in the power of Amanda's friends, to protract the final determination by a number of trifling objections, which in the end would fall to the ground.

After comparing all theſe things in the moſt judicious manner, Clitander reſolved to make no claim, but began to prepare for

for his departure from that town, now quite diſagreeable, becauſe it contained Morſonus and his extraordinary family. This affair had divided the inhabitants into two parties—the friends of Clitander—and thoſe of Amanda. Though it pained him to part with the one, he could not endure the being ſurrounded with the other. He knew

——Though hard to conquer love,
'Twas eaſy to divert and break its force;
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.

ADD. CATO.

But previous to his departure he ſent for Florio, the ſo eager partizan of Morſonus, and for Linſæus; under the pretext of drinking a farewel glaſs with them, and took the opportunity to tell them, that he had one meſſage more to Morſonus, which he begged them to deliver; namely, that he could not think of leaving the place, without once again offering to pay the half of whatever ſum it might coſt, to procure in a courſe of law an abſolute diſſolution of the bond of union between

him and Amanda, which he judged expedient for both, that ſo they might be at full liberty to act each as they pleaſed in time to come. To this meſſage faithfully delivered, no anſwer of any kind returned.

Clitander then ſummed up his affairs, and took an affectionate leave of his friends, to the unſpeakable grief of every one connected with him. The friendly Honeſtus, and the well-bred captain Boſtonius, who had ever continued attached to his intereſt, eſcorted him out of town. Their grief and indeed that of Clitander may be eaſier conceived than expreſſed. In his way he called upon Andrino and Flemingo, two worthy and reſpectable clergymen, with whom he had ever lived on the beſt terms, who knew the particulars of his diſmal tale, yet ſcrupled not, from a conviction of his integrity, to write warm recommendatory letters in his favour.

It had been rumoured that the parſon, his deadly foe, who was confuſed in his judgment, irreſolute in his conduct, and

credulous

credulous to the higheſt degree, meant to cite him to the eccleſiaſtical court, which was held at P——y. It ſurprized him that this ſhould not have been thought on till he was going away. However, to ſhow he feared it not, he threw himſelf in the way of it—rode to the very town—went in—found them ſitting—and ſtared his reverence in particular full in the face—and ſlept that night in the ſame inn with this wondrous man of God: who on this occaſion kept a profound ſilence. What could Clitander do more?

Next morning he ſet out for the city of Clutha, where he was obliged to ſpend two or three days, before Amicus with his other friends and dear companions would part with him. Here he received ſeveral ample teſtimonials, and what he chiefly valued was one from the ingenious doctor Craggus, a gentleman diſtinguiſhed for his learning and candour.

From Clutha Clitander went to Edinum, where he was moſt cordially received, and his ſenſibility was rather hurt by the reſpect ſhown him by the females in particular, who

who wiſhed by their conduct towards him ſomewhat to alleviate the direful returns, which his conſtant paſſion had received from one of their ſex, for whoſe conduct every virtuous nymph bluſhed, nor could their tongues, however unuſed to railing, ceaſe to condemn her. Many wiſhed to ſee a gentleman of whom ſo much talk had been. At the deſire of a valuable female acquaintance, he preached for a very reverend doctor in that city, whoſe publications have convinced the world of his learning. Another lady whoſe character ſets her above his praiſe, ſent one of her beautiful daughters to introduce him to another celebrated doctor, whoſe charge is one of the largeſt and politeſt in that capital. For him he preached. And to eſcape importunity likewiſe for ſeveral others. Here he met with many friends whoſe regard to him went further than mere profeſſions.

Being recommended by Kinloc, a young gentleman of an eaſy temper, and engaging behaviour, to the eldeſt ſon of the late lord M——n, he paid him a viſit; and

was

was ſo courteouſly received, that he and his lady inſiſted on his ſpending a week or two with them. In this interval they took the opportunity of introducing him to the juſtly celebrated author of the tragedy of Douglaſs, to attempt whoſe praiſe would be preſumption in my humble pen. Nothing but the dignity, the ſublimity and beauty of his compoſitions can equal the benevolence of his heart. The breaſt that conceived Alonzo's woes, felt for thoſe of Clitander. The gentleman afore mentioned, and his lady, vaſtly wiſhed to have Clitander near them. He offered him a living where he might have been happy, if he could have perſuaded himſelf to drop his intentions of taking a journey to a neighbouring kingdom, where he flattered himſelf that one time or other he might find ſuitable encouragement. This notion he had ſo ſtrongly imbibed, that no arguments could weaken it, and therefore improved this opportunity of aſking from this gentleman, ſuch recommendations, as he might think likely to be of ſervice to him.

To theſe, ſaid he, Clitander, you are not only welcome, but take the rights to this living, which ſhall be kept vacant till the eighth of July next for you. If unſucceſsful, with open arms ſhall we then receive you. I am not againſt your ſeeing London—I ſhould rejoice to hear that you were comfortably ſettled—but from my own attendance at court, and 21 years ſitting in the parliament of Great-Britain, I know promiſes are of little weight. When in power we are often obliged to make them, even when we cannot fulfil them, wherefore rather than wait too long at the large pool of expectation, I adviſe your return to the ſmaller ſtreams of certainty.

Words cannot deſcribe the emotions of gratitude, which aroſe in his breaſt upon receiving this mark of uncommon friendſhip.

He returned to Edinum, where he ſpent a few more agreeable weeks among his acquaintance. During his ſtay here, he received ſome letters from Honeſtus relative to his affairs in the weſt country.

Morſonus.

Morſonus now, that he was gone, began to vociferate againſt him more loudly than ever. But notwithſtanding his abſence, he ſtill had left truſty friends, whoſe ſo frequent appearances in the cauſe occaſioned their viewing it as their own. They made it their buſineſs to refute the already beaten objections of Morſonus.

Amanda's triumph at the departure of Clitander was immoderate: She vainly thought her admirers would return—and the ſtory at once ſubſide. She judged the memories of others by the deadneſs of her own conſcience, which now diſturbed her not. Her general ſpeeches, and wiſhes more privately expreſſed concerning Clitander, were truly ſhocking. Hearing that he was to be a few days at ſea, ſhe prayed the ſhip, which carried him, might never reach land. What elſe could be expected from a breaſt where virtue was no longer an inhabitant? Where treachery and hatred had uſurped the place of honeſty and love? But time has convinced her that Clitander lives—that the cruel uſage he met with is ſtill remembered—

and

and that her wondrous conduct can never be forgotten. Poſterity will liſten to the amazing tale!—

Tarpaulus made up to Honeſtus, and enquired after Clitander. He ended the converſation with many invidious reflections on him. Honeſtus with warmth replied—Too long hath he been maltreated. Sorry am I that he hath laid the matter ſo much to heart. Soon I expect to hear that he is happy. His life is worth a thouſand of Amanda's. Should he die a misfortunate youth, there are who will bear teſtimony that he hath not lived in vain. But may kind heaven, which takes no pleaſure in the diſtribution of woe, tho' general good renders it requiſite, bleſs and preſerve him!—May the ſucceſs of his future undertakings far over-balance the diſaſters of his late love engagements!—He travels with two excellent companions, namely, a fund of good-nature, and an honeſt heart.

Mercator juſtly enough concluding that Honeſtus was acquainted with every motion of Clitander, entered into ſerious

conference

conference with him—confeſſed that Clitander merited a milder fate—that he and his family had much valued, and been happy in the ſocial communications of that now wandering and forlorn youth: that his thoughtleſs niece could never be married to another, without being the object of everlaſting contempt: that he had thought of a ſcheme for recalling Clitander—with many other particulars. Honeſtus cooly replied; that Clitander was obliged to him for his good opinion, or kind intentions; but had too much ſpirit ever to return. Had he been as uſeful among the ſavage Indians, who ſtrangers to civilization roam the pathleſs foreſt, even their untutored tongues would have attempted to praiſe him, and their bows defended him. But to the eternal infamy of this town, the generality conſented to be the trumpets of Morſonus, whoſe pride as an upſtart, as a mere novus homo they themſelves condemn; and if they contrived not, yet rehearſed his falſe aſperſions and cruel invectives againſt Clitander. I applaud, ſaid he, that young man's reſolutions,

lutions, to ſubmit to a voluntary exile, till he ſee what revolutions time and chance may produce. Nor do I deſpair of ſeeing thoſe who at preſent rejoice in his departure eſteem it the greateſt misfortune which ever befell them.

Some of the creatures of Morſonus obſerved to Camellus that it was a pity a final deciſion had not taken place before Clitander's departure, whoſe abſence they imagined Morſonus would keenly improve. Camellus replied, that he will do I doubt not, but his career ſhall ſoon be checked; for the facts ſhall be ſubmitted to the public examination. Fidelio hath undertaken this taſk, who for many reaſons is the beſt qualified. He hath felt the force of love—he is therefore the abler to deſcribe it. He knows all the characters perſonally, conſequently can exhibit them in their true and juſt colours: Already hath he wrote and ſpoke much in defence of Clitander; —why then ſhould he refuſe this laſt work! And as to the propriety of a final deciſion, Clitander is at preſent among the ſeats of juſtice, where he will get proper directions,

upon

upon what terms it is moſt proper and ſafe for him to leave it.

Others in converſing with Boſtonius blamed Clitander, as guilty of very great imprudences of conduct. True, ſaid Boſtonius, he hath been accuſed, but where has ever the accuſer had the courage to ſtand forth and impeach him. In vain you tell us he is guilty of this and the other impropriety, till you make good the aſſertion. And ſurely go wherever he may, no man of ſenſe, but will judge of him as he finds him. Candour regards only the preſent and the future, nor will look back, unleſs by the ſtrongeſt motives impelled.

To all theſe accounts Clitander replied, that he was much obliged to his friends for letting him know every thing that paſſed, as he was ſtill ſomewhat intereſted. He informed them how warmly he had been ſolicited to drop all thoughts of his expedition, and ſettle amongſt them in that country. But that his reſolutions were fixt, and in ſome reſpects could not be ſhaken by the force of intreaty, or

even

even of intereſt. He acquainted them with the counſel of the moſt reſpectable lawyers, which was to trouble himſelf no more about the inconſtant nymph. That for his ſake they hoped ſhe quickly would have ſome other intrigue, nor from the bent of her diſpoſition did they much doubt it. That perhaps ſhe might get married, or ſomething of that kind happen, which would ſet him at perfect liberty without expence. While in the mean time ſhould a match to his mind occur, they ſaw nothing to hinder him cloſing therewith, nor did they believe that Morſonus or his daughter would ever have the aſſurance to re-aſk him, or make the ſmalleſt claim upon him: And that it was their opinion they could not trouble him in the poſſeſſion of another.

Clitander therefore aſſured them, he meant ſoon to ſet out in the hopes of meeting with ſome generous benefactor, by whoſe intereſt he might procure ſome compenſation for his paſt misfortunes, and be enabled to look back with pity mixed with ſcorn upon the former adverſaries of his

reſt and peace. That if he was diſappointed in this, yet he would not be diſpirited, ſince he had abilities by the exerciſe of which he had juſtly acquired both fame and eſteem in his own country, and which he truſted would be equally acceptable in another. Whatever might be his peculiar fate, it would never give him more uneaſineſs, than thoſe ſcenes he had lately been engaged in; conſequently by having buffetted the waves of adverſity for ſuch a length of time, he was now habituated to the ſtorms of life, and leſs ſenſible of their force. Having diſplayed ſuch fortitude in the paſt; his intrepidity in the future might be truſted. Beſides, though it was ill with him now, he had ſuch a firm reliance on the goodneſs of Providence, as made him hope for better things to come. In adverſity he expected proſperity, knowing that the rejecting or not cheriſhing the pleaſing idea would only add to his burden.

The wiſe and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: Sloth and folly
Shiver

Shiver and ſhrink at ſight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impoſſibility they fear.

ROWE, AMB. STEP MOTH.

Clitander prayed that heaven might ſhower down its richeſt bleſſings upon the head of every friend—that it might grant forgiveneſs to every foe, which from the heart he did: And that the divine protection might ever be around himſelf, who was now launching afreſh into the world, almoſt at a venture; and that infinite wiſdom and power might raiſe him friends in the land of ſtrangers. Adieu—ſaid he, ye dear companions of my ſtudious hours, with whom I ſought for truth in academic groves!—Adieu—ye venerable halls of antient and modern ſcience, where for many years I liſtened to the inſtructive lectures!—Adieu, ye valuable acquaintance with whom I often ſpent the improving, the ſocial hour!—Then taking one parting look of his natal ſoil—he tenderly ſaid Farewel, and with the deepeſt reluctance turned his face from his native ſhore.

Thus

Thus far have I impartially attended Clitander, and ſhall take my leave of him for a while.

Many obſervations might be made upon this intereſting, becauſe true tale, which if attended to, might be ſerviceable to the youth of both ſexes in the preſent age. But it would be better if their young minds drew theſe from their own peruſal of it. The product of our own labour yields the ſweeteſt repaſt, and our own inveſtigations, even in morals, ſeldom fail to pleaſe us beſt; and generally afford the moſt convincing evidence. It is the prerogative of every reader to form what opinion he pleaſes of Clitander; of Amanda; and all the other characters mentioned in this narration. Thoſe whoſe clay-cold conſtitutions never felt the tender paſſions are incompetent judges. To them the grievances of Clitander will appear imaginary, and his diſtreſs chimerical. It is to the feeling as well as to the judicious breaſt that the appeal is made. And that the judgement of ſuch may be properly formed, they muſt always keep in mind the laws of

that nation where the ſcene lay. Theſe are the ſole ſtandards to judge by in this point, as alſo in many others, which are interſperſed in the narration.

Allow me ye Britiſh Fair to recommend the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt untainted integrity, to your practice as well as to your eſteem. Add to your external charms truth and ſincerity, and then are ye goddeſſes indeed!—Let no deceit lodge in thoſe virgin boſoms of yours, whoſe colour is the fitteſt emblem of purity. Love will—'twere a pity if he did not one time or other make you his captives—but it is in your own power to render that captivity the greateſt pleaſure of your life. Admit the auxiliary aid of cool reflection, and all will go well. Inconſideration in love as in morals is the fruitful womb of trouble. However attached to your admirers, be ſlow in making promiſes: but ſtedfaſt in the performance of them. Remember that a ſolemn vow or promiſe is of equal obligation in the ſight of the Supreme Being as an oath; the breach whereof he hath ſworn that he will ſeverely puniſh. You cannot

cannot be juſtly forced to utter any ſolemn vow, but having done ſo voluntarily, you certainly are under an indiſpenſible obligation to perform that to which it binds; unleſs it be of an unlawful nature. Should you ever not only enter with the man you love and admire into ſuch a compact as that of Amanda; but likewiſe go as far as ſhe did, let nothing prevail with you to retract or deny. Such a denial will be attended with immediate deſtruction to your mental peace and future reſt. By this I would not be ſuppoſed to applaud the ſteps of Amanda's love, more than her after conduct. The former was imprudent—the latter guilty. The ceremony appointed by law ought undoubtedly to be complied with. Avoid too great anxiety in giving proofs of your paſſion, ſince the lover who complains the loudeſt, is often the readieſt to deceive. Thoſe of your tender ſex who have been ſlighted by deceitful men, will be the ſevereſt judges upon Amanda. It is true they have moſt reaſon. However difficult

the taſk in this age of galantry and diſſipation; ye virgin throng dare to be good, watch over your unſullied fame, and you ſhall be eſteemed here, and bleſt hereafter.

Ye brave!—active, and high ſpirited Young Men! who poſſeſs the love of liberty and heroiſm as a patrimony from your country, avoid the imprudence while you copy the fidelity and conſtancy of Clitander. A mean action ſinks the hero to the man. And ſurely nothing can be more ignoble, than to hear a pretender to reaſon boaſting his triumph over a credulous woman. Ye Sons of riot!—ye deſtroyers of female character and reputation—can you bluſh? What an aſperſion is it upon the goodneſs of the hearts of men, that they often paſſionately addreſs thoſe whom they never mean to marry. How cruel to captivate their eaſy affections, which you never intend to recompenſe! — If peace of mind be the greateſt poſſeſſion, are ye not the moſt cruel invaders, who wantonly deſtroy it! —Pardon my acrimony, it flows from a

real

real deteſtation of diſhoneſty in love. The pleaſures of a virtuous paſſion are truly great. Pant after theſe: and that you may attain them in perfection, think long and well, before you fix your choice. Let the mental endowments of your charmer be the foundation of your love—let the ſweetneſs of her temper engage you more than the beauties of her face or perſon: and the goodneſs of her heart attract you more powerfully than her fortune. Let honour and truth be your characteriſtics as lovers, while the ſofteſt indulgence intereſts you as huſbands. Then to the nuptial bower—Go lead your enamoured brides—bluſhing as the morn—and you will experience wedded love to be the trueſt ſource of human bliſs, and that only death can end, what innocence did begin.

Ye noble and generous breaſts of both ſexes! whoſe fortunes and ſtations more peculiarly enable you to be of ſervice to others, whatever theſe are, be perſuaded that ſuch a power is the higheſt you poſſeſs, and the being engaged in doing good,

good, the nobleſt exerciſe of your immortal natures. Inſtead of laviſhing your favours upon baſe-minded paraſites, or infamous minions, thoſe creatures of a day; ſearch out merit in obſcurity and worth oppreſſed. Imitate the great parent of the univerſe, by encouraging the broken hearted, and relieving the diſtreſſed. Wipe —O gently wipe the tear of ſuffering from the eye of virtue—Bid ſuch undeſerved ſorrows as thoſe of Clitander ceaſe—and heaven will reward the benevolent, the humane, the God-like deed.

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